

THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

16th Year, No. 8

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 25, 1899.

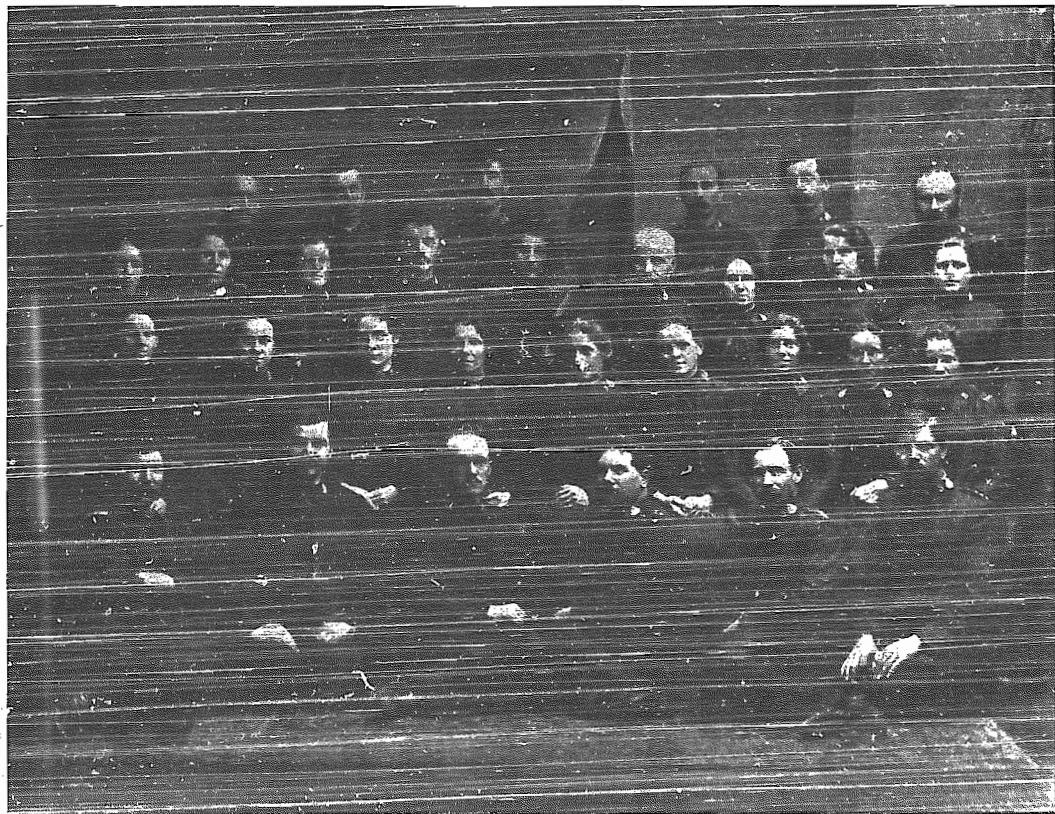
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Australasia

Revisited

OR,

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF COMMISSIONER POLLARD.

(The advantage of this serial story is that each chapter can be read as a whole, by new as well as old readers, without referring to what has gone before.—ED.)

CHAPTER XVII.

CALAMITIES.

The romantic, comic, and tragic were not wanting in the quarantine experiences of the General and his party. All three are common bed-fellows in the incidents which go to make up life.

The comic was supplied in the general situation. The General was able to see, but not touch, his son. That wonderful world of isolation, by which it is supposed contagion can be checked, was represented on this occasion by overcrowding into a stuffy and small hotel many of the passengers, and alighting the General and his party to inhabit, like Mr. Cruise and his attendant, Mr. Friday, a patch of sandy scrub, slightly shaded with a few stumpy trees, where the monotony of the desert was relieved by an occasional pitched battle with packs of iles, or a profuse use of the pocket handkerchief in dispelling perspiration from their noble brows!

In Quarantine.

"Call it tragic or comic if you like," says Commissioner Pollard, looking back on the episode; "to see Colonel Lawley with a bundle of luggage on his back, Adj't. Barrett, an over-drawn with fatigue, and the General dragging the big type-written along the beach, all in search of a suitable encampment, was a calamity of the first order. It spoiled the West Australian Campaign, and sowed the seeds of the illness from which the General, at its crisis, stood in imminent danger."

And that was the second calamity, for it robbed Adelaide of the privilege for which it had long been preparing, of according our leader such a welcome as he had not dreamed of. We need not go into the details of this calamity. For days the General lay in a state of absolute prostration. Doctor, nurses and leaders were unremitting in their devotion. The Commandant and Commissioner Pollard were beside the General's room, as far as to be on hand in case any serious symptom or development occurred. It was a memorable struggle, witnessed in spirit by tens of thousands throughout the colonies, especially in New Zealand. It was the General's intention to go direct from South Australia to New Zealand. The Commandant, on perceiving the character of the General's illness, received the Chief of the Staff's assent to cancelling the New Zealand section of the tour, and the colony was advised to prepare for the worst.

No Retreating

But not for the first or twentieth time the General rallied, and with the return of the first symptoms of convalescence, he inquired as to when he would reach New Zealand.

"We have practically cancelled that part of the campaign," said one of your suffering, "the two leaders on the bridge stated. Never was medicine more effective to a patient than was this announcement to the General. The idea of giving a whole colony the go-by, why—the General looked as if he would hang, draw, and quarter his advisers! 'No, never! I shall go to New Zealand!'

"But the risks!" the two pleaded.

"I'll accept them—I shall go," and go the grand, brave war-horse did, and from the hour he left Adelaide till he wayed his last salute to his dear son and daughter, the General did not once miss a meeting or fall in an engagement.

The record of calamities did not, however, finish at Adelaide. Commissioner Pollard was nearly poisoned at Brisbane, almost broke his back at Sydney, and was run over in Mel-

bourne, the latter calamity depriving him of the privilege of seeing a meeting for a week. In the bogey, or gig, were the Commandant, Commissioner Pollard and the driver. The horse shied, the cart collided with a lamp-post, the force of the compact hurled the Commandant on one side of the roadway and the Commissioner on the other. In the momentum which the vehicle received it passed over the Commissioner's foot, injuring and snapping the tendons. A horse and cart was raised, and at the Melbourne station the work was done by the fire brigade, there soon came tearing along a fire engine, a stretcher, and all the appliances of surgery!

The Commissioner now jokingly reviews the situation: "I was first taken to the headquarters and from thence placed on a stretcher, a canvas covering hiding my face from the public, and escorted to the Women's Training Home, where I was kept a prisoner for a week. It was grimly interesting to hear the folks on the sidewalk say, 'Poor fellow—where was he killed?' I have never been dead yet, as our Irishman would say, but the experience of being taken for a 'dead' was painful. Then I came to life again. 'What did I do in prison?' Oh, work, work, work, and it was one of the best week's work I ever put in, thanks to the Commandant and the patient and hard-working shorthand secretary whom he provided. I shall ever have a fragrant memory of the week I spent there."

Adj't. Barrett was another member of the party who fell under the wave of what the world would call ill-luck. He took ill, had to have an operation made on his ear, which prevented him accompanying the General to Tasmania. But, in the midst of the ups and downs, the kindly spirit of the General never dimmed him, and the good spirits of the party enabled them to accept the situations with a measure of humour, and certainly a readiness to adapt themselves to them. A soldier's duty!

(To be continued.)

S.-D. COUNCIL.

Brigadier Gaskin Conducts a Council with the City Officers.

2:30 p.m., Monday, found the officers and Cadets gathered at the Lippincott St. barracks, to listen to their Provincial Officer on the subject of the coming Self-Denial campaign.

God came very near and blessed our souls. Right through the council there was a spirit of joy and liberty. The commanding officers of the various city corps gave glowing accounts of the previous Self-Denial, and of the work that had been won for God, in the same telling of being assured of victory in the coming S.-D. effort.

The Brigadier based his remarks on the words, "Work hard and commence at once," also giving us a little of his own experience as a corps officer. The Brigadier closed the afternoon council by praying for God's richest blessing upon those comrades who, through sickness, had been compelled to step aside from the battle for a short time.

Half-Night of Prayer.

At night the Brigadier, assisted by Major Turner and Collier, Staff-Capt's. Stayton and Archibald, also Adj't. and Mrs. Wiseman, conducted a Half-Night of Prayer in the same building. Again God showed Himself strong on behalf of His people.

The Brigadier gave as the subject of the meeting the words, Christ and Light. One after another was called upon to have a few words, and beautiful, indeed, were some of the experiences given as to how they obtained the blessing of a clean heart. All then joined heartily in singing—

"Lord, I hear of showers of blessing;

And the showers came, and heaven seemed very near. Adj't. Wiseman followed in the line that the Brigadier had laid down. He brought before those present the thoughts that just as the men of war built their fortifications, so as to enable them to stand against their enemies, so must we build our fortifications—our confidence in God—to enable us to overcome.

David, the Adj't., had built up his confidence in God and he went forth and slew the lion.

Major Collier then asked the ques-

tion, "Why don't people walk in the light of God?" He answered by saying that they liked to have their own way too much; they think God will ask too much of them: they say they have given themselves up to God for them to use them for His service and yet they want to dictate to Him what and how much He shall give them to do. The Major then drew an illustration by saying that if he gave the Brigadier a horse to-day, it would be folly for him to go to the Brigadier the next day and tell him he was working the horse too hard. Of course, the Brigadier would say that he was entitled to use the horse as much as he wanted to, seeing that it had become his personal property. Just so God expects us to give ourselves entirely to Him.

Staff-Capt. Archibald and others also gave some valuable advice as to how to obtain the blessing of a clean heart.

The Brigadier then rose in the power of God and dealt out the truth in a powerful manner, dwelling on the words in the eighth chapter of St. John's Gospel: "I am the Light of the world. He that followeth after Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." He brought out very plainly the fact that, although living in a world of sin, the power of God would enable us to walk before Him in purity of heart and life. "For," He says, "I will dwell in them and walk in them, and they shall be my people, and I will be their God."

When, at the close, the invitation was given, twelve precious comrades stepped out into the light. Glory to God! And everybody, I believe, went home feeling it had been a time of real blessing to their soul.—Capt. Geo. Nyland.

First Impressions OF WEST ONTARIO

Woodstock is a thriving town. The writer and the D. O. (Ensign Wakefield) were announced for a public welcome meeting, and although there were other attractions, yet we had a number present.

The P. O. and D. O. played a musical concert (concertina and guitar) much to the delight of the people.

The soldiers were jubilant over the return of an old soldier who had come to God in the Sunday's meetings. It's good to see them come back home.

S.-D. is O. K. at Woodstock. Under the able leadership of Ensign Crawford and Capt. Sitzer the target is safe.

My, but didn't it rain at Simcoe! It simply poured just at meeting-time; and yet, in spite of that, the faithful Salvationists went out on the march with music and drum.

A nice crowd gathered inside in spite of the rain. The Band of Love Sgt-Major sang a song of welcome which had been composed by the J. S. Sgt-Major for the occasion. The chorus of which runs as follows:

"We welcome you here, yes, we welcome you here,
As a soldier of Jesus we welcome you here;
United we'll fight for our glorious King,
So gladly a welcome to you we will sing."

We had a rattling good meeting. God was wonderfully near. Two men came to the Mercy Seat, and afterwards testified and took their place on the platform.

Ensign and Mrs. Wakefield are sanitary for our S.-D. triumph in their District. We had more than one cup of tea together over the prospects.

It was arranged to spend the weekend at Brantford, where Adj't. and Mrs. McHarg are in charge. We scolded three souls for salvation—all men.

The Brantford band is a good acquisition to the corps, and they can be relied upon.

The meeting in the jail was a sound affair. God drew near, and one man sought and found mercy.

This was the wind-up of our first tour in W. O. P., and during the eleven days we conducted 24 meetings and saw 13 kneel at the Mercy Seat.



To Parents, Relatives and Friends:

We will be glad for any information in your power as to the whereabouts of any member of your family, or any friend of yours, who has been a victim to the terrible scourges of War, Pestilence and Famine. This is true for us, and it is the measure of our disire and disgrace.—W. E. Gladstone.

Our Soldiers and Friends are requested to keep their names on record and to notify us of any change in their address, so that we may give any information about persons advertised for.

(First insertion.)

GRIFFEN, WILLIAM FLINT. Age 28 years, medium height, blue eyes, fair hair and complexion. One ear injured, had been badly burned. Last news, in 1892, from Calgary. Was a laborer in England. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

SCOTT, JOHN. Age 51 years, height 5 ft. 6 in., brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Last known address ca. George W. Torrance, 64 Carlton St., Toronto. Wife anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

GRACE, MARY JANE (nee McCullum). When last heard of 7 years ago was in Almancen, Queenstown, Australia. Believed to have gone to South America. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

GILDERSON, WILLIAM. Stone-mason. Last heard of 6 years ago, at 18 Strand Road, Munster Road, Fulham, England. And his son,

GILDERSON, WILLIAM ROBERT. An officer on board H. M. S. *Empress of India*, attached to the Mediterranean Squadron, stationed at Malta, on July 3rd, 1898. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

LUKEY. Wanted, information respecting an elderly gentleman called Reynold Lukey. Reported owner of a gold mine or claim. Believed to have died 14 years ago leaving a large fortune in the gold fields of America. Had no wife or children. Information respecting the above will be gladly received by Commissioner E. C. Boot. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

VERGE JOSEPH, sometimes HOS. Age 39, short, dark hair and eyes, light mouth. Last Montreal last October, 1897, for Crow's Nest Pass. Last heard on August 15th 1898, c/o Alex. Bell, McLeod's. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

MCHILLAN, RUSSELL. Age 26, height 6 ft., sandy complexion, brown eyes, sharp features, mole on chin. Last heard from in Okanagan, Manitoba, two years ago. Mother very anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

(Second insertion.)

JONES, MARY, MRS. Dark complexion, height 5 ft. 6 in. Last address in 1892 was 33 Centre Street, Toronto. Husband very delicate. A printer by trade. Friends in England anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

CARREY, JOHN. Age 80 years, formerly a farmer. Last address Toronto. Son in England anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

WARD, HENRY. English, height 5 ft. 8 in., dark complexion, left foot turns outward when walking, brown hair, grey eyes, age about 50 years. Has not been heard of for 20 years. In 1879 or 1880 he was at Haddington Hill Sheep Station, New South Wales, Australia, working for men's hut, and was a well-shaker for a Selector close by. News of interest awaits him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

COVENTRY, ISAAC. Left Woodstock, Canada in 1862, aged 9 years at that time, long to hear from any relatives in Canada. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

It has been said that greater calamities are inflicted on mankind by human temperance than by the three great historical scourges—War, Pestilence and Famine. This is true for us, and it is the measure of our disire and disgrace.—W. E. Gladstone.

Sidelights and Shadows on Tour.

By THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

It was just the thing, I thought, to see, marching between the officers in charge of the Winnipeg corps and the writer, two drunken men, who, attracted by the first open-air meeting, held in front of the Clifton Hotel, had fallen in with our procession along Main St., and made themselves quite at home in singing our songs, and in keeping each other in time with the song, and in line with the march.

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Their queer antics inside the barracks at each other's guardian of peace and good order were somewhat amusing, but as they were sitting on the front seat and were well cared for by a couple of vigilant brothers, and the meeting was not seriously disturbed, we were very glad to see them there.

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"That man has spent \$100 in drink this week," was whispered into our ears concerning another, who, being but slightly touched by the spirit of King Alcohol, was able to intelligently "take in" the situation as to his soul's salvation and was one of the three at the Mercy Seat praying for salvation in our Saturday night's meeting.

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This, as of old, is doubtless the work—the special mission of the Salvation Army.

"Pleking up drunks and setting them free, These are the things that we do like to see."

When, however, the drunkard, like the Portage la Prairie man, loses all control of himself and persistently insists on ventilating his views to the annoyance of the whole barracks full of people, whether his views be about the "brotherhood of man," about the "food," or about "Moses and the Israelites," we think that the line should be drawn. Alas! for our spoilt meeting in Portage that it was so.

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The health of dear Major McMillan, has certainly been practically considered none too soon. It took the Major all his time to hold out when proceeding with the "wind up" of his command. He is such a man to "stick on" as long as he can stand, that neither the entreaties of the writer, nor the persuasions of "Mother" or the Winnipeg officers seemed to like to call Mrs. McMillan, would avail until another breakdown, something like the one in Toronto, had occurred in Winnipeg.

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The Major, however, brightened up a good bit toward the last, and finally went through his farewell meeting without a hitch. That War Cry readers will, while the Major is on rest, bear him up in sympathetic and fervent prayer for his speedy recovery, we feel confident. Especially will this be among the officers and soldiers of the North-West Province, who have a warm place in their hearts for their

stark Provincial Officer. Our Winnipeg "go" closed with thirty sevens.

To the endless praises of the glorious West, the land of the free, a large number of both old and new friends are freely contributing, as we journey nearer to the Pacific; and the song, "Never has there been a season like the past," is an enthusiastic and a unanimous one, at all events in these parts.

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And when one takes a bird's-eye view of the thriving Prairie City of Winnipeg and beholds the great number of newly-built (or building), wholesale and retail business houses, banks, churches and residences, and hears rolling rumors of "still more in the year coming on," it lends strong color to the enchantment above referred to.

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If not the same in extent, the same kind of thing in proportion, certainly strikes one as you journey through other prairie towns such as Portage, Brandon, Moose Jaw, and the like, all of which are fastly changing for the better.

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New populations are pouring in, new railways are being laid, new settlements and new towns are being sprung up in the West, and there is an amount of opportunity for an aggressive attitude on the part of the forces of Blood-and-Fire. The Army will keep abreast, if not ahead, of the times, and doubtless Major Southall will, in due course, fasten his eagle eye on that side of affairs and make sparks fly.

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Mrs. Major Jewer was full of interesting stories of the good work being put in, in connection with our "Haven of Hope" for our too often wronged and unfortunate sisters, and can not only put her finger upon the point of effort exercised, but can show much blessed success in actual reformation, as the result under God's own eye and crowning.

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But for the fact that Brigadier Read, our Woman's Social Secretary, is to follow so closely on my heels in these parts, I should feel under very strong obligation to ventilate the story of a few cases. God further and speed this beautiful work.

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Many hearts were evidently touched, particularly during the last half hour of our Brandon campaign. Eighteen hacksiders had stood to their feet as an expression that they had missed the best time when quiting God's service; but strange though it may appear, we could not succeed in getting them any further, till the time we had to rush for the west-bound train. I shall not be surprised to hear of a good break in Brandon soon.

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The way in which Capt. Barrager and Lt. Russell have taken hold of and worked up the building scheme in Moose Jaw is most commendable. They undertook to raise towards the \$1,500

needed to purchase the property, \$700, and were forthcoming with the cash when it became necessary to plank it down. Good!

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I am not great on banquets, otherwise I should have to say that the same individuals got up a splendid affair on Monday, Oct. 30th, in connection with the opening of the new barracks. This was followed by a bright little meeting, which must result in good. We should have a future in Moose Jaw now that prospects are so promising.



Officers' Quarters, Carberry, Man

One doesn't often see "haying" going on on the 31st of October, but I declare there was one farmer busy with his mower cutting hay on the prairie between Swift Current and Dunmore. Very good hay, too, apparently to be, when viewing it from the train. The sight suggested to me, "Be in season and out of season," to save souls.

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Here we are at Dunmore Junction, where Capt. Hurst, our pioneer at Medicine Hat, is awaiting a conference with us on a new building proposal as we journey en route to Lethbridge, about which, more anon.

Lieut.-Col. Margetts

AT LETHBRIDGE.

As soon as it became known that Lieut.-Colonel Margetts was to visit here, the deepest enthusiasm was shown by all to make his visit one long to be remembered in the hearts of the people.

Probably the greatest reception ever tendered an officer was the one given to Lieut.-Colonel Margetts on Oct 31st. Although the train was due to arrive until 10.23 p.m., crowds of people were at the depot to welcome him to Lethbridge in real North-West fashion.

The Colonel was accompanied by Capt. Hurst, of Medicine Hat, who, it will be remembered, opened up this camp just over a year ago. During her stay here as an officer, she made a host of friends, all of which were delighted to accord her a "Welcome home."

On arrival at the barracks, a reception was given to the visitors, when about 40 soldiers and immediate

friends of the Army sat down to the good things provided.

After one and all had partaken of this, the Colonel called upon Captain Hurst to sing a solo, in which she ably responded. The Captain also spoke at some length of the encouraging condition of her work at Medicine Hat, reporting perfect victory in the war.

"Fire a volley!" greeted the "Colonel upon rising, when he favored us with a solo, accompanied by his concertina. He also spoke of his first visit to this town, as a "spy" on the lookout for a suitable place to commence operations, but to-night his heart was overjoyed to find such a splendid corps of 34 soldiers and six recruits.

The public meeting of the Colonel's was a glorious success. The hall was comfortably filled, and from the first chorus of the prayer meeting (before the open-air) to the last strain of the doxology, God's Spirit was wonderfully felt. The address of the Colonel's address was entitled "A Point Question." Every word of the address, I the people in deep silence, and at the close an invitation was extended to all, when two brothers and one sister came out for salvation.

These conversions are direct answers to prayer for weeks past. Praise God!

We heartily invite the Colonel to another visit to our corps.—Wm. Farrow, Reg. Cor.

SHRIMPS ON WAR CRY.

Mrs. Adj't. Ward and a soldier of the Worthing corps, England, were out hunting shrimps, when they came upon a catastrophic in the shape of an overturned coster's barrow, a shoal of shrimps biting the dust, and a disconsolate coster being laughed at by an unsympathetic crowd.

In a twinkling a brand new War Cry was spread out upon the ground, and the two Salvationists were down on their knees picking up the scattered shrimps. The laughing crowd stayed now by interest rather than by amusement, crowded round, and even a "bobby" turned up to view the hand. Seeing the case was in good hands, he contented himself with a "move on" to the crowd and left the scene.

Perhaps the most astonished of the crowd was the coster himself. In two shakes his barrow was righted by the Salvationists, and the shrimps restored to their former position. Giving the coster a sovereign in his pocket, the Salvationists passed on their way, the people ended, as they thought.

Not so, however; for the coster, who had never come into touch with the Salvation Army before, felt drawn to go and see these "miracle-workers."

He went to the barracks, God convicted him, and at the penitent form saved him.

Now, this coster had a wife, and, naturally enough, she was the first to whom he hurried, after the meeting, to impart the good news. Another surprise awaited him. She, too, had been in the barracks and found salvation during the week, but had not yet screwed up enough courage to tell him about it.

The happy couple come regularly to the meetings and open-airs, and they are likely to be sworn-in as soldiers before very long.

OUR WINNIPEG BUILDINGS.



Officers' Quarters.

S. A. Barracks.

Rescue Home.

The World for Christ.

WHAT WILL YOU DO TO BRING IT ABOUT?

BY THE GENERAL.

Crowds of the ungodly around us are always going to be saved. They are not right; fur from it. On the long road they are only too well. But that is not to stop and turn round and start for heaven some future day.

Close to the spot where I am writing, connected with the corps of which I am a soldier, a young man belonging to this class unexpectedly went to his account before the Great Judge only last week. He belonged to a gang of roughs that regularly attended the hall. He had made some pretensions to religion in the past. He was civil and attentive in the meetings, but when urged to accept salvation there and then always met the proposal with a steady "No." He was quite sure of being saved at some future day. Only the very Sabbath before he said, "Yes, I shall, I will, I must; BUT NOT NOW!" A day or two afterwards he was riding in a cart, the horse unexpectedly bolted, he lost his footing, fell out, wheel went over him—and he was no more.

What a multitude act in the same manner, and perish after the same unexpected fashion! And, what is equally disastrous in its results, what a multitude there are who are always going to set to work to save the souls of their kindred, neighbors and friends: but it is at some other time—at some future date. And while they are making up their minds, the people sticken and die are diminished.

Alas! I know many Salvation Soldiers, and even some Salvation Officers, I fear, belonging to this class, and I want to enquire when they are going to wake up and go to work with all their might to save men and women around them from their impending doom? What, my comrades, will you do, and do here and now, towards bringing the world to Christ?

A Delusive Religion.

What a mockery, a delusion, and a snare must that religion be, whether professed by church or corps, that is too much occupied by affairs internal or external to be doing the work for which it exists! What should be said of the members of a Fire Brigade, or a Lifeboat Crew, who were too much taken up with their boothouse, or their apparatus, or their business, or something else, to be fetching the drowning people of the wrecks in the bay, or rescuing the women and children from the upper stories of their burning houses? And what is true of societies must be true of the individuals composing them. The church will be no better than its individual members, or the corps than its individual soldiers. The saint and the soldier, who is not faithfully, continuously, and self-denyingly engaged in helping Jesus Christ to get His own, are unfaithful to their fellowmen.

And yet, what a crowd there are who will tell you that they have too much other work, too many pressing engagements, or too serious family anxieties, to find time or heart or money to save the people perishing by their sides! Oh, comrades, we say over and over again to the sinner, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" But may we not ask, What shall it profit the professed followers of Jesus Christ, or the Salvationists, or the people supposed to be possessed by the Blood-and-Fire religion, who are too much occupied in the world, and, indeed, to the neglect of the world, or too much absorbed in the anxieties of the world, to find time, or energy, or money, to save the souls of their husbands, and wives, and children, and parents, and brothers, and sisters, and friends, and neighbors?

"Comrades, rouse ye, war is raging, God and saints are battles waging; Every ransomed power engageth Break the tempter's spell."

Dare ye still? Me fondly dreaming, Wrapt in ease and worldly scheming While the multitudes are streaming Downward into hell?"

What WILL You Do?

So, away with the castle building, and promises of what you hope to do,

intend to do, promise to do in the future, and tell me frankly what you will do to help your Lord.

1. **WHAT WILL YOU DO IN THE WAY OF RECOGNITION OF YOUR POSITION AS A SOLDIER OF CHRIST?** Look your opportunity and your duty squarely in the face. Recognize yourself as a soul called not only to be saved from sin and live a holy life, but to work for your Master and the rescue of the lost, and accept the work. Put on your uniform if you have not done so; wear some badge which tells heaven and earth that you have the honor to be one of God's fighting host, and say to all close whom it may concern:

"I'm a soldier; should you want me, You will find me in the Salvation Army."

But do it now.

2. **WHAT WILL YOU DO BY WAY OF SURRENDER?** A soldier's life is for it. He places himself in the hands of his leaders for liberty, life, and death. When done he is at rest; not done, or only imperfectly done, he is torn with agitations and conflicts. You are a Soldier. Have you made the surrender of yourself to God, the guidance of Conscience, and the direction of your leaders?

Some Salvationists, I am sorry to say, are all their lifetime torn and distracted by controversy, not with Orders and Regulations with which they conscientiously disagree, but with rules that command their highest approval. They do the things that they know they ought not to do, and leave undone the things they know and feel they ought to do. Hence there is little spiritual health or power in them. They are in conflict about wearing uniform, or becoming officers, or of laying their children at the Saviour's feet for that honorable post, or of giving some money that they feel called by the Saviour to give up, or the doing of something else, because the doing of the same is not according to their liking or their taste. Will you end this miserable holding back from duty by making surrender to-day?

3. **WHAT WILL YOU DO BY WAY OF CLEAR AND CONSIDERATION OF YOUR WORK?** On how men get close up to their earthly tasks and travel round and round them, turn them inside out, and plan and plan and plan how they can improve and do them better, or at greater speed, or more acceptable to the crowd, or more profitable to the producer. Contrast this with the blind, monotonous, same-over-and-over-again methods by which they do the Lord's business, or what they count to be His concerns.

Comrades, won't you give longer, and fiercer, and more desperate consideration to the business you have to do for your Lord, and the souls He has purchased? How can you more effectually do the work of your office, or your inspection of your corps, or your soldiers, or your Juniors, or your War Cry brigades, or your officers, or public-house visitation, or any anything else for which you are made responsible for by God and man? We want more work done, a great deal more work; but there is something we need more seriously still. WE WANT THE WORK THAT IS TO BE DONE TO BE DONE WITH MORE THOUGHT, and then there will be wonderful improvements, and greater and grander results.

4. **WHAT WILL YOU DO TO HELP YOUR LORD BY WAY OF GREAT EFFORT?** You do something to save the souls of the people. I wonder what it is! Do you ever total it up; at the close of the week and say to yourself, "That is my response to the claim that my Lord puts upon me." But come; is that all you can compare? Can you for the long range of life which opens up to you? Select some other duty for which you can make yourself responsible. Think. Come, what is Apollos waters, and God gives the increase. But the increase is ever according to the amount of planting and watering done. With more

planting and watering, we shall have greater, grander results. Come along, can you not do something more in the open-air, in selling literature. In the pews, and aisles, and among the children, or the barracks platform, with the singing, among the handmen, with personal dealing? Oh, what chances! Oh, what would I not have given could I have had them when I was a plain soldier in the ranks!

Can you not do something more in your own family, or amongst your neighbors or workmates, or in your chamber with your communion with God, or reading His word, and so qualifying yourself for more effective public labor, or doing more in the way of giving your money with greater regularity and generosity; and in addition to all, and over all, and before all, can you do more in the way of despotic faith for the lost, or to win rich outpouring of the Holy Ghost not only on you, but on the Army as a whole?

Will you start afresh the more effectively to help your Lord?

By doing something you have long had a controversy about doing?

By doing something you have never thought of doing before?

By doing something that you see ought to be done?

By doing something that the Holy Ghost makes plain you ought to do, and ought to do now?

Short Sermons.

BY JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

The Sadness of Sin.

He could never endure another's humiliation, but, like every strong soul, felt himself bowed down at the same time with any abasement of humility.

Death Religion.

Of all the hours of a man's life, his last must be the most indifferent as regards religion, inasmuch as it is the most unfruitful, and no seed can sprout in it which will bear any fruit of action.

Sinner and Saint.

How different are the sufferings of the sinner and those of the saint! The former are an eclipse of the moon, by which the dark night becomes still blacker and wilder; the latter are a solar eclipse, which cools off the hot day and casts a romantic shade, and wherein the nightingales begin to warble.

Feligious Meditation.

I shut myself up to-night; I hear nothing but my thoughts; I see nothing but the night-suns which move across the heavens; I forget the weaknesses and strain of my heart, that I may get the courage to lift up my head as if I were good, as if I dwelt on the height where around the great man-like constellations lie only God, eternity, and virtue.

Providence in History.

There were centuries when humanity was led with bandaged eyes, from one prison to another; there were other centuries when spectres railed and overturned all night long, and in the morning nothing was disturbed; there can be no other centuries except those in which individuals have risen and individual nations decay, but mankind rises when mankind itself sinks and falls into ruins, and ends in the scattering of the globe in a dust-cloud. What shall console us?

A veiled eye behind the bounds of time, an infinite heart behind the world. There is a higher order of things than we can demonstrate; there is a Providence in the world's history, and in every one's life, which reason has the boldness to deny, and which the heart has the boldness to believe; there must be a Providence, which, according to other rules than we have hitherto assumed, links this confused earth as daughter-land to a highest God of all, the most beautiful, a God, a virtue, and an eternity.

The mischief of one bad man touches farther than nine districts.

There is no difference between paupers and grandees without generosity.

Hail to the Major!

Winnipeg's Salvation Warriors Extend a Warm Welcome to their New Chief.

(Winnipeg Free Press.)

Almost every Salvation Army officer and soldier in the city, and many from other Manitoba points, mustered yesterday evening at the barracks to welcome their new commander-in-chief of the Manitoba S. A. forces. The street parade, which left the barracks at 7:30 o'clock, was most unique in conception, and proved a great success as a drawing card to the subsequent meeting in the barracks. The idea intended to be represented by the parade was the cosmopolitan nature of the structure and aims of the Salvation Army. At the head of the parade were four tall, well-dressed gentlemen, with canes and silk hats, representing the upper class of society. About thirty feet behind these walked four men dressed as mechanics; at an equal distance behind these came four "laborers," and at a like distance behind these were four "never works," who appeared to be very drunk, and their uncertain gait and frequent deviations from the general line of march convinced many in the crowd who lined the line of march that their "lads" were the real thing. Next in the procession marched a number of Salvation Army lasses wearing white sashes, who were followed by the Provincial Officer commanding Major Southall. Next to the Major came the S. A. brass band. The entire parade was under command of Adj't. Kerr. Large crowds and frequent demonstrations of welcome greeted the parade on the streets, and when the meeting opened in the barracks the spacious room was well filled. Across the front of the room stretched the motto, "Welcome to Major Southall and his family." After the ceremonial opening exercises, Captain Cromarty spoke, welcoming Major Southall on behalf of the S. A. and citizens of Galt. Adj't. Clark followed with an eloquent address, welcoming the new commanding officer on behalf of the country. The Adj'tant's remarks were full of the spirit of western progress. He hoped the Major would soon grasp our western ideas, and go into the work on our western "whole-some" system.

Lieut. Gamble sang effectively, "I stood outside the gate," after which Adj't. C. Kerr spoke, welcoming the Major and his son on behalf of the local corps. Ensign Ottawa, late of Guelph, Ont., who has been with Major Southall and served under him for many years, gave anecdotes of their former work, and expressed her high appreciation and great confidence in the Major as a commander and successful worker in God's cause. Ensign Perry also spoke, and was followed by a song, which was sung very sweetly by Major Southall's two little daughters. The Major's chief A.D.C., Capt. Cass, spoke briefly in the same strain and read an address of welcome.

Major Southall on rising to reply was greeted by a great outburst of applause. He was quickly far from well, but spoke briefly and effectively, thanking the officers and corps for their hearty welcome and faithfulness; his final words were energy and faithfulness of the western officers and belief ed with their assistance and God's blessing that a great work would be done for the Saviour in Manitoba. The Major told the story of his conversion in the Salvation Army and his call to do God's work.

Major Southall is a man of medium height, whose hair is already silvered as he is just in the prime of life. His words are full of eloquence and his delivery impressive.

Mrs. Southall also spoke briefly. She stated that it had long been the desire of her heart to labor for Christ's cause in Winnipeg, and that now she had the desire of her heart to do so. The Kingdom extended, and asked the prayers of all Christians for the success of their work. Mrs. Southall is a woman with a face and voice of remarkable sweetness, and her words have the faculty of commanding the attention of all within reach of her voice.



FROM FOREIGN FIELDS

THE BRITISH ISLES.

The General and Staff left for a nine days' tour in Germany. He will conduct ten public meetings in one of the largest halls in Berlin.

Miss Rhodes, sister of Cecil Rhodes, gave Adj't Murray several letters of introduction to South African notables just as the Adj'tant was leaving Waterloo Station for the front.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth is announced to hold an important meeting in the Temperance Hall, Derby. His worship the Mayor, Mr. E. T. Ains, will preside, supported by a number of other well-known gentlemen.

Among the wounded in the skirmishes which took place in the Riverton Road Station, near Kimberley, were two of our Naval and Military ladies—Private H. Lee, 1st Royal North Lancashire, and Private Morris, 1st Gloucestershire.

The following comrades have returned from the Foreign Field and are taking British appointments: Mrs. Ensign George Williams, United States; Ensign Herbert Collier, from Canada; and Capt. Hannah Hughes, from British Guiana.

UNITED STATES.

The Commander held an immense meeting in the Auditorium, New York, on March 35th. Cadets, and announced that the H. P. received amounted to nearly \$38,000. The Commander also paid a visit to Paterson, N. J.

The latest American Cry contains cuts of Staff-Capt. White and Ensign Josh Jones, Ints. of Canada.

Major Milasps, who has been working among the United States troops in the Philippine Islands for over a year, will be returning to San Francisco. The United States Government is giving him a free passage. He has one of their transport ships. The Major has acted as Salvation Army Chaplain to Uncle Sam's soldiers. On many occasions his mission has taken him on actual battlefield, and several times he has been in the firing-line.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Adams have just lost a little baby, only a few days old. Mrs. Adams has been very low. Will comrades please pray for her.

Adj't. and Mrs. Miller leave Boston Social Work and go to Chelsea Corps and Section. Adj't. and Mrs. Sulter take their place.

NORWAY and SWEDEN.

In Norway, Colonel Musa Bhati is still holding meetings; good results are confidently expected. Recently our comrades in Norway have enjoyed greater privileges for open-air work, of which every advantage is being taken.

Commissioner Onchekoney held an open-air in Student's Park, when fifteen thousand people were present.

In Finland, owing to the failure of the crops, much distress is expected. Lieut-Colonel Poyson, is, however, being loving for the best.

INDIA and CEYLON.

In an interesting letter from Colombo, Brigadier Prabhu Das writes: "The people of Talampliyia, being low

caste, have for generations been deprived of the privileges of holding petty village offices, etc., although the villages consist wholly of these people, and high caste people are brought from other parts to fill these positions. This method has entailed great injustice and persecution for the low caste, as is always the case. A large number of these Talampliyia people are our dependents, officers and servants. We represented this matter to us. We advised them to send a petition to the Government Agent. In reply they said that, being low caste, they could not fill these positions; consequently we appealed. The matter was thoroughly gone into, and a reply from the Acting Governor states that instructions have been given for these people to hold the offices of headmen in their villages. That is a great victory, and the people are delighted."

The latest Indian Cry says: "Rumors and reports have been rife for some time past re the famine, and we have eagerly scanned the Weather Reports, only to be disappointed. We now find so keen an amount of distress in Gujarat and Rajputana, that our Headquarters in London have consented to our opening Great Depots at our various stations of work. Before these lines are in full swing, some 25 will be organized and working, where grain will be sold at a loss to us of 25c, or four annas to the rupee. A small quantity is also weekly given to the extremely needy and starving cases. Thus again the Army has proved its practical love for the people among whom it works."

FRANCE and SWITZERLAND

Commissioner Booth-Hellberg has inspected the French Provinces and conducted enthusiastic counsels of war at Nimes.

One fact among many others. Late a Priest of New Orleans, having excellent certificates from his Archibishop, came to the Paris Hoteliere Populaire. He had attended some meetings in America, but had not understood the truth fully. His soul was in trouble. After a long conversation with the officer in charge of our hotel, his mind became enlightened. A few days after he was kneeling at the penitent form and accepted a full and free salvation.

Staff-Capt. Desvaux conducted a meeting in a flour store-room at Nuremberg. 12 souls round pardon and peace at the foot of the Cross.

At Liestal, where so many officers were put in jail a few years ago, Ensign de Tavel conducted a big open-air meeting on one of the principal squares of the city. It is a powerful sign that our work is appreciated everywhere.

In German-Switzerland the town of Solvets has been opened.

Another hall has been taken in Paris, close to the Exhibition Buildings. Here we purpose holding salvation meetings for the benefit of the thousands who will be visiting the city during those months.

BELGIUM and HOLLAND

The Social branch of our work in Brussels is being pushed. Great things are expected from it during the coming winter season.

Commissioner Booth-Clibborn and the Marshalls are more and more encouraged in their work. They expect to have a glorious winter campaign.

The Harvest Festival has been a success in every corps.

Commissioner Booth-Clibborn, the Marshalls and Colonel Cosmeade have conducted powerful and blessed officers' councils in Amsterdam, during which ten Candidates were publicly enrolled under our beloved Flag.

ITALY.

The Harvest Festival was such a success that in some of the corps the barnacks was not large enough to contain the crowds that wished to attend the proceedings.

At Fasslotti the success was due in great part to the Juniors who earnestly worked with their hands several weeks in advance to contribute their part to the Festival.

There was this year an advance of 23.75 lire on the total income of last year.

Another cause of joy for the Italian was that every corps reported to Headquarters that the Harvest Festival had been attended with great spiritual blessing.

Brigadier Clibborn, of Italy, has secured a hall in Fissi, a town of 30,000 inhabitants between Florence and Leghorn.

ICELAND.

"The Travellers' Home in Keyjavik has proved a great blessing and a help

to the poor and needy. From the 1st of May, 1893, to the 1st of May, 1894, 3,500 beds have been supplied, and 2,819 meals served.

The officers teach school, besides their other duties, and in that way help hold of the children, and the help and sympathy of the parents as well.

Staff-Capt. Bolten, who is in charge of the work, has just been on a tour to Lafford, a little town on the west coast of the Island. He held several successful meetings on board ship, got over seventy new subscribers to the War Cry, sold 550 copies, and had a wonderful time spiritually.

Hotel-keepers proved to be very kind to the Staff-Captain on his tour west, lending their rooms for meetings, etc., something that has never been done before.

Open-air meetings are well attended, the Army being the first to preach in the open-air in this country.

On a Sunday night recently, people of five different nationalities were each singing salvation songs in their own language in perfect harmony.

BARBADOES.

Adj't. Leib, formerly J. S. Secretary for the Wales Province, has been appointed to succeed Capt. Wigdery in leading on our colored troops in Barbadoes. The Adj'tant got ready for marching orders in little over a week. He sailed from Southampton on Nov. 1st.

Farewell of the South African Contingent.

A CONTINGENT OF NURSES TO FOLLOW

(From the English Cry.)

On Thursday night the comrades who have volunteered to go to South Africa to minister to the material and spiritual needs of the sick and wounded of both British and Boers, farewell in a crowded meeting at the Congress Hall. The meeting was characterized by its enthusiasm. There was a large attendance of Hendekatte folk. The Zulus, too, who distinguished themselves so nobly at the Exhibition, bade farewell to their white brothers, whether with tears or not it is impossible to say, for translucent pearls would hardly have been discernible on their dusky skins!

Commissioner Ridsdell, whom the officers and soldiers cordially welcomed, avowed his love for

All Race and Colors,

and expressed his disappointment at being unable to see the end of the struggle in South Africa. He would like to have been at the front. He would like to have ministered to the spiritual and temporal needs of both armies, but he had no choice in the matter, and, therefore, had returned to England, and after all he was not sorry to be back in the Old Country again.

Commissioner Coombs wished the pony God-speed on behalf of the British Field.

After the Zulus had finished a song in their native tongue, with some semblance of a pent-up dace striving for freedom, the South African Contingent stepped forward amidst cheers, which were redoubled when Commissioner Howard announced the promotion of Ensign Murray to the rank of Adj'tant.

She said that she was a Salvationist, and although it came as a great surprise to her when she was asked to go to South Africa, she never thought for one instance of refusing to go. "I feel my responsibility," she said; "I feel glad, also, as I look at the lists of the officers—many of whom I know—who have fallen in the service of their country, that I have some share in the great and

For More Important Warfare
against sin. I go with a desire to be of some service to my fellow-men.

"I ask you to pray for us as we take

words of cheer and comfort to the soldiers out there."

The Adj'tant propounded a most practical suggestion. She invited the nursing who had sons or friends in South Africa to give their names and that of their regiment, in order that she might take them a message from friends in Old England.

Capt. Ashman, whose parents were also on the platform, was greeted with enthusiasm. He was very delighted as to the result of the expedition; not only would they attend to the soldiers of both forces in Africa, but they would return with an increased list of Leaguers.

Lieuts. Warricker and Haines spoke briefly, and expressed pleasure at the privilege of going to Africa to fight for God, and asked for the prayers of their comrades.

The Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Booth, said Commissioner Howard, "have decided to send out a further contingent to tend the sick and wounded, and, in particular, Mrs. Booth's trained nurses, who will start as soon as possible for the front." (Volleys.)

And lastly, further cheering, the Zulu party came forward in charge of Ensign Bradley, whom Commissioner Howard promoted to the rank of Adj'tant. Of course, this meant a speech from the newly-made Adj'tant.

"Well, friends," said the Adj'tant. "I certainly have not done anything more than my duty—first to God, then to the General, to the Salvation Army, and to these colored friends of mine. I should like to tell you that these Zulus are four Blood-and-Fire warriors who have been saved and brought into the fold of the Salvation Army—brought over, I may say, under the best of conditions, the British Government having modified the regulations in our case in order that we might the more easily obtain passes for their voyage." (Applause.) The Adj'tant added that, although he was fond of England, yet he thought there was no place like Africa.

Then came testimonies from the four Zulus, which could not fail to impress the public as they were interpreted. The simplicity and pointlessness of them were quite out of the ordinary.

Then came the inimitable and awful Zulu war-whoop, which to "No, we never, never, never will give in."

The meeting concluded with a dedication of our comrades, and Commissioner Dowdle prayed that God's blessing might rest on them and their work.

WOMAN'S WORK

Lessons from the Life of Catherine Booth.

By REV. W. R. ROACH.

LESSON II.—(Continued.)

Think of the little child dying in its feebled room, the reeling drunkard staggering to his bed of straw, ruined womanhood crying for vengeance, pale hunger dying in silence, disengagement plotting the downfall of society, bold blasphemy destroying the pious' 'soul and prayer still the darkness lengthens its deadly shadows, and still the pit widens into the gloomier abyss, and in the face of facts which are their own eloquence, I venture to contend that the only force equal to the overwhelming occasion is a sanctified heart, a love like Christ's own, a compassion large and melting as the pity of God. It is love and love only that will lift depraved humanity up to God and heaven. Have we got this love? Have we got it as officers and soldiers of the Salvation Army? God grant that we may have a gift of this love, the love of divine love. We must first ask for it. The old idea of saints was that fire was stolen from heaven, but whether fire was stolen from heaven or not, love only comes from heaven. Ask God to give you love, it is love that saves you, and it is this divine love that will help you to salvation.

"Tis love that makes our cheerful feet In swift obedience move."

"A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another." Not one of us, not the very feeblest and poorest of us, but may by the power of kindness and love, win many from sadness to joy, from a life of guilty sin to a life of holiness, from life lived without Christ to a life lived in Christ and for Christ. Love for fallen humanity is what we owe to Christ and the world. John Howard felt this, and the world repaid him well. William Wilberforce felt this, and a million others were freed. John Wesley felt this, and he set England all a-blaze. D. L. Moody felt this, and tens of thousands of precious souls were won to the Saviour. Charles G. Finney felt this, and he preached the Gospel of love, and multitudes became converted to Christ. C. H. Spurgeon felt this, and preached it to perishing sinners and thousands rejoiced in a newborn love. Elizabeth Fry felt this, and many dungeons echoed with prayer, and song, and praise. Frances Willard felt this, and became the great apostle of the W. C. T. U., and now she is heaven-saved, but being dead yet speaks on. Catherine Booth felt this, and the Salvation Army has become a world-wide and soul-saving organization. Eva Booth felt this, and consecrated her young life to slum, and rescue, and Salvation Army work. Paul, and Peter, and John felt this, and they were constrained by love to make known the love of Christ to a perishing world. Many whose names we know not, God's hidden ones, have felt this, and nights of misery have been turned into days of rejoicing. Inspired with this love, that sees a brother in the poorest, and forsakes outcast, let me do unto others as we would that others should do unto us. Do this, and in doing it follow the beautiful example of Catherine Booth, who spent her whole life in doing good both to the bodies and souls of men. Monumental marbles may never record your name; no halo of warrior's fame may gladd your memory; no theme for history's pen may your genius or achievements afford, but men and women and little children shall shed honest tears over your grave. The pen with which you have befriended, will often recall itself to your memory, and with hearts too full for words, think of your goodness to them; and, although no stone may mark your resting-place, in a book whose letters are stars and whose pages are heaven, shall the record of your good deeds be graven. There, too, shall be your reward. It is love that we so much need above every other qualification as teachers, officers, ministers, missionaries, Salvationists, and Christian Endeavorers to save the world. Love is the one supreme qualification for all Christian workers. Without this we can do nothing. Another

word and I close this lesson. If the voice of conscience pleading within you prompts you to be more kind of heart, generous, loving, and affectionate, then I have not spoken in vain; and if some sleeping virtue is awakened, or some drowsy energy aroused, if the picture so feebly painted has found a little sunlight corner in the gallery of your heart, then this time has not been wasted, and my purpose has been accomplished. Catherine Booth was pre-eminently the apostle of love. She imbibed much of the Spirit of Christ, which counted more than all other excellencies she possessed in contributing to her wonderful career of usefulness, and the more we imbibe the Spirit of Christ the more happy and more useful we shall be.

LESSON III.

Bad Literature Denounced.

11.—THE THIRD LESSON that we learn from the life of this much distinguished woman is, we should not waste our time, nor corrupt our hearts, nor poison our souls, nor dwarf our minds, nor do against God by reading books and literature that have been written by impure authors, and written and sent forth from the devil's printing presses, to poison and corrupt and destroy the moral life and character of our young people, and thus ruin the young men and women of this and every other land. For novels and works of fiction in particular Mrs. Booth had an intense hatred. To read them seemed to her to be contrary to the profession of Christianity and

fraught with evil consequences. "I have every reason to be glad," she tells us at the end of her long career of usefulness, "that I never read a single novel in my younger days," and she carefully kept novels of every kind from her children. Many of the troubles she said, which afflict and divide families have their origin in works of fiction. Not only are false and unnatural views of man and woman created in general minds, but sentiments are created in the minds of the young people, which produce a discontent with their surroundings, impatience of parental restraint, and premature forcing of the social instincts, and creating impure desires such as must cause untold harm. Not only so, but they lead to the formation of relationships and companionships that cannot be but injurious, while the mind is ill with pernicious and vain ambitions destined never to be fulfilled. It is the duty of woman to defend the purity of literature, and Mrs. Booth did this in the pulpit, on the platform, in the home, in her conversations, by her pen, and through the press. She denounced bad books and impure literature in the strongest possible language, and commanded the reading of the very best books. It is true that it is women who read the nastiest novels that are to circulate. It is an awful accusation, and yet there are signs of its truth. In our public libraries there are books that never should have been written or printed, and tens of thousands of our young people are polluting their minds, and polluting their bodies, and destroying their intellects, and subduing the spirit of man, and lessening their usefulness, and destroying souls by reading fiction and filthy literature. On enquiry at one of our public libraries the other day an eminent clergyman was informed that some of the nastiest and most evil suggestive novels are asked for by—well, I do not like to use the word, but I suppose I must—ladies.

(To be continued.)

→ SACRIFICE FORGOTTEN. ←

By ENSIGN PERRY.

How many a record of heroic deeds and loving sacrifice have yet remembrance unpeopled and of which the world has not been acquainted. Deeds that only the inhabitants of heaven know of, and though not written on the pages of earth's history, are recorded in the skies.

There are varied circles within which people live. Some are only known to their own families and a few acquaintances. Others are known in the town and country only in which they live, while some who live in what people would term a broader sphere of usefulness are known to the world. Heroism brings its author before the world's gaze as very few other agenedes do.

The world is ever ready to applaud an heroic deed when it becomes public. The papers publish comments of eulogy, and for a time at least keep up the record in upon every tongue. There are those who have thus reached the larger circles of fame, and are carried by the plaudits of a sympathizing and flattering world to the highest pinnacle of honor. In the ranks of heroes. There are other heroes who are recognized as such by their families and acquaintances, but whose deeds have not been chronicled or made public; even the memory of them is held sacred by loved ones. They exemplified, as their friends rightly believe, the true character of hero, if not receiving a hero's bier.

True martyrs who have given down their lives, some cause dearer than life itself, and no record of such deaths has been, and always will be, an inspiration to the world. Men and women, youths and maidens who have closed their eyes to scenes of life amid the fears of a blood-thirsty multitude. Others who have bid farewell to the world with few about them. Perhaps no one near to take down the last message, speak a word of solace, or administer any relief, yet they have said "Amen" to the will of God, and passed on to receive a heavenly reward.

Again there are those who, though not looked upon by the world in the

strict sense as martyrs, heroes, or heroines, yet who have, in the fulfillment of some act of love or self-denial, been called upon to lay down their lives. Such acts have been recognized in heaven, and their rewards cannot be forgotten. Such deeds, when brought to light on earth, must touch the sympathetic chords of the human heart.

Among the names of those who have thus suffered, though not strictly classed by the world as heroes and martyrs, stands out with its due prominence the name of Mrs. Rammage, Assiabubla, N. W. T.

The Salvation Army had been announced to open fire upon Moosomin, and Mrs. Rammage, then living twenty miles from this place, but having been a soldier in Montreal at the time of the S. A. riots there, felt she would be of some use in welcoming the officers who were to attack the town. Her home in Montreal had been a shelter to the officers in the past, and now, if she could not take these officers to her home, she could at least take them to her heart, and thus drove the twenty miles to show them this. They did not arrive the day she expected, so she stayed with a friend for several days awaiting them. Through some cause not known to the writer, the officers did not arrive, and Mrs. Rammage, feeling that home duties demanded her return, started back. She expressed, while in town her anxiety for the safety of the people and world, which she had liked to have helped in the first attack of the Army against sin. However, this could not be. She decided to take the homeward journey that winter's day with a neighbor in a wagon, there not being much snow. It was storming when they left, but quite mild. In the afternoon, however, it turned out very cold, and to add to this discomfort for they lost their way on the prairie. They were now in a sad dilemma. Only those who have been similarly circumstanced can fully understand how they felt. After driving until they reached a fortrees, their horses also being tired, they were un hitched. Then both Mrs. Rammage

and the neighbor thought they would walk. They did so until the poor woman could go no further. She begged the man to go on and leave her, which, after some persuasion, he did, hoping he might come to a habitation soon. After waiting for seven days he returned home, but in his joy. Poor man! He was very badly frozen. Truly his suffering would call forth the sympathy of the heart.

What about Mrs. Rammage? Poor woman! She had perished in the cold! In that desolate region, with no human friend near to render aid, her spirit took its flight, while her body lay frozen on the ground. Was it not a sight that would call forth an angel's pity? The writer does not know the last words she spoke to the man before he left her, nor does anyone on earth know her last thoughts. Probably, as she had left a husband and children there, and also upon God an heavenly Yea, a multitude of thoughts might have passed through her mind before the stupor of freezing possessed her. She knew, however, that death, though under such sad circumstances, only meant to her spiritual transit to a land of brightness, where hunger and cold never come and where death is not known. It was about three weeks before her body was found, and then some forty miles from Moosomin, their starting place.

She had requested her husband sometimes before her departure to find her a home to be occupied by the Army. The request was complied with, and her body laid to rest while the memory of her noble deed will ever live with her loved ones. They could not forget that act of love that cost her her life. Many there are who knew her not on earth, but who are anxious to grasp her hand in the better world.

There are people, however, who have heard and read of others being called to suffer through similar expressions of love, and though at the time their hearts are touched, yet they soon forget such incidents. Why is it? Often because not knowing personally the one called to suffer, they do not retain the record of the suffering in their memory. They simply express their sympathy, and pass on life's way. Oh, how quick the human is to forget deeds that are actuated by the Divine!

Reader, will you allow this record of a Christian woman's sad death to remind you of another scene?

Will you allow your mind to go back to the scene of that sacrificial death on Calvary's height—the death of none other than the Son of God? The Bible speaks of people who forgot God, and, oh, how many people forget the death of His Son. Perhaps it has been the case with you. In the mind there for the thoughts of this world you have forgotten what it cost Jesus Christ to purchase salvation and freedom for every slave of sin. You have forgotten the love that prompted the sacrifice, the agony endured, and the blessing brought to the world by it. Will you not close your eyes to the things of time and worldliness for a while, and look at that scene of supreme self-sacrifice. That expression of unmeasured love, that death, meant so much sacrifice. Allow it to call forth your love and service in return. Remember that Christianity cannot be embraced without self-denial and cross bearing. Jesus says, "If any man will come after Me, let him take up his cross and follow Me." Matt. xvi. 24. The sacrifice of Calvary, completed as it was through suffering, opened up to man a way to God. Will you deny yourself that others may benefit by that sacrifice? If so, there will be continually opening unto you avenues of usefulness, of which possibly you have never dreamed. Don't forget that true sacrifice often involves suffering of a keen nature, but we have the assurance "if we suffer, we shall also reign with Him." II. Tim. ii. 12. Let us this Self-Denial Week keep before us the scene of Calvary, that we may be inspired to greater and more practical service. To forget Calvary's sacrifice means to lose that inspiration, yes, to lose sight of our only home, for only through the remembrance of Christ's death and the imitation of His life, do we become heirs of the promise, "We know that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with My Father in His throne," Rev. iii. 21.

A gain, reader, remember, to forget Calvary's love means to perish, to embrace it means a life of power and usefulness.

Weekly Watchword:
"Thou Remainest."

"Reality, reality,
 Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art to me!
 From the spectral mists and driving
 clouds,
 From the shifting shadows and phantom
 crowds,
 From unreal words and unreal lives,
 Where truth and falsehood feebly
 strives,
 From the passings away, the chance
 and change,
 Flickering, vanishing, swift and
 strange,
 I turn to my glorious rest on Thee,
 Who art the grand Reality."

DAILY TONIC.

SUNDAY.

In the Age of Ignorance.—Job xxxvi.
 22.

There is no teacher like our Heavenly Father. He knows the capacity of every pupil, their natural hindrances and stupidities. He has infinite patience with each, and while He rejoices to see a quick acceptance of His truth, is willing to repeat the same lesson many times over that it may be grasped by the knowledge of the heart. There are no perfectly ignorant people in the Christian world when God has made such ample means for the encouragement of their spiritual understanding.

MONDAY.

In the Time of Danger.—Isa. ii. 16.

Fear in danger is, after all, though natural to the human heart, very unnecessary in one who professes to have allied himself to the greatest power in Heaven and earth. God's protection is round and about His people in all spiritual and temporal peril—only when they needlessly run into danger or temptation do they take themselves from beneath it. There are no perfectly defenceless people in the Christian world when God has put all the armfuls of righteousness at their disposal.

TUESDAY.

In the Hour of Difficulty.—Ps. xxxi.
 15.

Perplexing junctions are constantly occurring in the life of every man. Conflicting ways are continually causing questions in their minds. But to the man who trusts his all to the will of Providence, there is a light upon every difficulty, a guidance for every perplexity. He Who sees the end from the beginning, and has such tender consideration for our welfare, will not leave us without the right instinct to choose. There are no perfectly puzzled people in the Christian world, when God has given His Holy Spirit to illumine their perplexity.

WEDNESDAY.

In the Day of Sorrow.—Isa. xliii. 2. This world is full of grief—its shadows fall upon just and unjust, no age or circumstance is exempt from them. But the righteous have a store of infinite consolation in the compassion of Calvary's Jesus. Who can promises that through the stormiest waters of affliction and sorrow He will be His children's sufficiency. There are no perfectly comfortless people in the Christian world, when God has asured such consolation.

THURSDAY.

In the Events of Persecution.—Dent.
 xxxiii. 5.

Persecution in any form or other is the inevitable lot of consistent faith. But there are countless instances to prove that God will never allow the blame of the world to damage the influence or discredit the soul of the faithful. Many a curse which the world has hurled at some saint's integrity has been the blow which declared its genuine goodness and grace. There are no perfectly crushed spirits in the Kingdom of God, for God has not His promised to make the very persecutions of His people the pavement or perpetual influence?

FRIDAY.

In the Moment of Death.—I. Cor. xv.
 56-57.

No two lives are alike. In their differences there are circumstances in which some men have opportunity to prove Christ's all-sufficient aid which

may never come to others. But in one hour alike all want to prove the sweets of His sustaining grace, and that is the hour of death. There need be no shrinking nor shrinking at the crossing of life's Jordan, when Christ, Who waded Himself its coldest depths, has promised to take away its sting and forfeit its victory.

SATURDAY.

When All Time is Past.—Matt. xxv.
 21.

How many are the gifts and sweets of this life which are only spoilt by the thought that they are transient! But over the pure bliss of the knowledge of God there is no such shadow. The passing of earth's days cannot dim its radiance or detract from its joys. The sufficiency of God which we have proved on earth, the unchangeableness of His love and power which has been our rock, our strength, our comfort here, will be but fully known when we stand in the eternal sunshine of His children's heavenly home.

OUR WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON.

THE UNBELIEVING DISCIPLES.

John xx. 24-51.

One aspect of God's Word is like a wonderful mirror in which are reflected every type of virtue or vice which characterizes the human heart. This provision is the means of rich instruction to man in that most profitable of all studies, viz., the knowledge of himself, for the soul always gets the best view of its own possibilities or deficiencies when it looks upon them as manifested in somebody else.

Such a gallery of human nature would have been incomplete without the doubter seeing that there are so many perfections of his memory in the mirror of the world to day.

Thomas was one of the twelve. The small, but sincere, body-guard of disciples which surrounded our Saviour while upon earth was not without a reminder of the spirit of unbelief, and the same has crept into every community since that day.

Thomas was an honest man, which is a great deal more than can be said for many designated by the name

doubter. Too many people's scepticism is based on the quibbles of other minds, they take the shade of their religious opinions from the color of stronger mind's thoughts—if the latter lead up, they are full of faith, if the latter lead down, they are soon bordering on despair. Such people are not sincerely puzzled in their own hearts, and unless they take the trouble to convince their own minds, as to what is true or do not believe, God will not assist the removal of a veil they have drawn over their own eyes. But it was not so with Thomas. His doubts were all his own, and caused him too much grief to be of his willful cherishing. He loved his Master as much as any of his fellows, but the chain of an incredulous and perhaps somewhat gloomy disposition, held him captive. When told of the Resurrection, his weak faith staggered at so great a wonder. He could not believe, yet although we cannot but deplore the blindness which caused Thomas to disbelieve the Saviour's risen life, yet we must respect the honesty which refused to profess a faith which he did not own.

Christ came to his aid, as Christ always does to the man who wins his whole heart longs to burst the fetters which his constrained mind has forged. The very proof that Thomas had asked for, the evidences of the suffering death upon the reviled body of his Lord were vocalized to him. Could God have condescended more to satisfy the bound soul of His doubting follower, or to more completely prove to His later disciples how willing and ready He is to assist struggling faith. A man who sincerely wishes to find the light will not be left long to grope in the dark.

The result was a beautiful and natural one. How could Thomas stand out against such undeniable evidence? His whole soul rose in support of the Saviour's sign, and out of the mouth of hideous doubt the first accents of returning faith gave forth one of "the most courageous declarations of the trust and worship yet uttered, when the disciples said, 'Lord save my God.' Oh, doubting heart! Let the love of Calvary convince thy halting credulity, and by the utterance of thy too long doubt-imprisoned tongue shall come avowals of God's power and presence which shall persuade the hearts of others once held by the same thralldom.



"PEACE BE UNTO YOU."

"Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled, for fear of the Jews, came Jesus, and stood in their midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you."—John xx. 19.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF THE FIELD COMMISSIONER'S VISIT TO HALIFAX.

The Enthusiastic East.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Field Commissioner has recently visited St. John, and other cities of the Eastern Province, the great interest which that portion of the Territory has taken on these occasions has not only been fully sustained, but even increased, as shown by the reports of Major Pickering. From it we learn that every building in which Miss Booth spoke was simply gorged with eager crowds and uncounuted numbers were turned away. Halifax, St. John, Fredericton and Woodstock were visited, and the spiritual results, as far as definite, visible action can be counted, totals to 150 souls, which sought and professed to have found salvation or purity. The financing of a series of huge meetings always presents a problem of some anxiety to the Provincial Officer in the case, but the Commissioner's meetings generally encounter no difficulty in making ends meet. So on this recent tour the total collections amounted to between four and five hundred dollars. Major Pickering and his Staff worked like Trojans to make the tour the unquestionable success it has proved.

The General's Campaign.

Our grand old General keeps every body in a state of astonishment and admiration. He is forever on the hunt for soul and occupied with the improving of his troops. His recent tours in England and Scotland were red-hot battles with exceedingly great visible results, not to speak of the unknown effects which are beyond estimation. Our venerable leader is indeed a General that leads by practical example, and like the British officers in the present war, refuses to take cover and spare himself.

Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs Visit Newmarket.

The energetic Chief Secretary and his life-companion paid Newmarket a visit and conducted special meetings there on Saturday and Sunday.

According to word received from a friend present at those meetings, the Colonel, who is well known as an adept at S. A. meetings, was endowed with spiritual power and created a decided impression upon his hearers.

Deep conviction was a feature of every meeting, and, although only one soul acted in accordance with the dictates of his conscience by publicly kneeling at the Army's platform form, yet the decided influence which these meetings produced will be felt in future collections.

Newmarket cordially invites the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Jacobs to come again.

The Territorial Secretary at Rossland, B.C.

Lieut.-Colonel Margerets and Staff-Capt. Gage were here on 4th and 5th Nov., and we had a most blessed time. Unfortunately, Saturday was wet, and at night very disagreeable, so our crowds were below our expectation, but the Colonel gave a racy address, brimful of humor and point, inspiring to the soldiers and Christians present, and we feel confident that many others were impressed.

7 a.m. Sunday morning saw the larg-

est muster of troops on Rossland's S. A. record, and if faces and voices indicate the feeling of the hearts, then I have no hesitation in putting it on record that they were blessed and cheered. Few cases of blanket fever were reported.

11 a.m. holiness meeting was beautiful. The Colonel's talk was straight and hit, and two sought for the whole armor of salvation. At this point Staff-Capt. Gage made a good point by a most graphic description of a storm at sea, with a "get there" moral.

The afternoon and night meetings were heart-searching times, especially at night, when the hall was crowded. Many showed conviction on their faces, some acknowledging their need, but only one "rose and came to restored joy," and has since testified to his "brother" and has since testified to restored joy. A few of the audience, who have heard the Colonel in the east, said that his singing and speaking had a "ring" and "power" which behind, and all express the cheer and blessing the Colonel's meetings have been.

Colonel Margerets will get a hearty welcome, when he comes again, from Rossland's people and soldiers.—A. C. for Capt. Haas.

BY MAJOR PICKERING.

THE news of the Commissioner's visit to Halifax aroused great enthusiasm and interest in the city. The soldiers shouted with joy, the stores displayed the photo cards and bills announcing it, the street cars swung along bearing the tidings, the press heralded it, all anxious say, "Welcome, beloved Commissioner."



The Commissioner arrived at the I. C. R. Depot 10:30 Saturday night, and was met by the shouts of welcome of a number of officers and soldiers assembled. My impressions of the whole thing were varied.

First, the Crowd.

"Twice gorged" only poorly describes the building: people were packed in every conceivable neck and corner, aisle, stairs, and window sills were blocked, and they were sitting upon the rails of the galleries, while hundreds were turned away from the doors disappointed. One prominent Colonel in Her Majesty's forces, who attended his first S. A. meeting on this afternoon, had to stand all the time, hurried home to dinner expecting to be back early to secure a seat, but, on his return, he found that at early hour the huge building was crowded, and he had to stand again. The old Janitor said that the Sunday night crowd especially was the biggest ever known to be in the Academy.

The Building.

The Academy of Music, used for the Commissioner's meetings, is the largest building in the city, and it is supposed to seat 1,200 people, but nearly 2,000 describes its condition. The scenery was simply grand, and had we re-

quested the managers to get some scenery does especially for our meetings it could not have more accurately and faithfully represented the various phases of the Commissioner's address.

The building is lighted throughout with electricity, and when the lights were turned on at night and the Commissioner stepped upon the platform, it required no stretch of imagination to realize we were walking in the grandest and most lovely scenery of the oriental countries.

Representative Audience.

What a mixture of all kinds and classes were present—ministers representing nearly every church in the city, officers of Her Majesty's naval and military forces, doctors, merchants, storekeepers, sailors and soldiers, the fashionable lady, the hard-working charwoman, the poor unfortunate all mingling together, standing or sitting, but all craning their necks to catch a glimpse of the slim striking figure that poured forth like lava streaming the burning truths upon the hearts and consciences of her hearers. How they listened! Except two mothers with irritable babies, none moved out of that vast assemblage until the close of the address.

Masterful Addresses.

The Commissioner's ability in taking hold of huge audiences is proverbial. "The Song of the City" was the topic in the afternoon. How the crowd drank it in, a sin's pleasures and their hollow mockery and disenchanted disappointment were laid bare. The address must be heard to be appreciated, as pen and ink is altogether unable to report the thrill of sympathy and enthusiasm that characterizes the Commissioner's utterances.

An appeal for consecration was responded to by scores of tearful, longing souls.

The night meeting beggars attempts at description. Our beloved leader, although feeling weary, returned to the conflict with renewed vigor. The tightly-wedged mass in the Academy sat or stood breathless for ninety minutes, as the Commissioner talked on "Love's Sunset."

BRIGADIER GASKIN,
Some H. Q. Officers and the Ibbotson Family at Dovercourt.

Sunday and Monday, Nov. 12th and 13th, must have been looked forward to with much expectation by the people of Dovercourt, if we are to judge by the numbers who turned out to these meetings.

The specials were only announced for the Sunday afternoon and night, but much to the pleasure of the comrades and friends, Major Turner and Staff-Captain Maitland surprised us in the morning. Staff-Captain Maitland knows how to put his heart in his songs.

Everybody desired to have more of the character of Stephen, after Major Turner's talk on this first Christian martyr.

In the afternoon the Ibbotson Family were a great attraction in the open air. In spite of the piercing cold wind, the little ones played several pieces beautifully.

In the inside meeting we had not seen the barracks so well filled for a long time. Everybody enjoyed the



MAJOR PICKERING,
Provincial Officer, Eastern Province.

The lighted hall, the listening crowd seemed to pass away—we were in the garden inhaling the aroma of its lovely flowers, listening to the notes of the warbling birds, the music of the silvery stream whose sparkling spray cast myriads of pearl tipped drops around our feet. We beheld the scenes depicted by the Commissioner—a powerful eloquence and followed her through all the phases of Love crowned, rejected, robbed, and restored. The subject, "Love's Sunset," suggests tremendous possibilities, but the masterly way in which our beloved leader applies it to the conviction and conversion of souls cannot be surpassed.

Hearts are cut to the quick and smitten consciences write conviction on unnumbered countenances.

A deep gloom sets over this awful scene. Is there none to help? Must humanity's race groan for ever under the curse of "Love's depreciation"? No! Ten thousand times, No! The compassionate heart of nature's God provides a ransom, the rising rays of Calvary's Cross, the Crimson River, the pitying Christ, the Resurrection Morn proclaim "Love's Restoration."

"Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee,
Lot the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure."

Rises sweetly on the air as the Commissioner closes. Tears are flowing fast and as we sing that beautiful song, "Just as I am," sinners make their way to the Cross.

Results—Thirteen sought mercy, and at 11 p.m. closed the most marvelous meeting ever held in Halifax.

music from the children, and also Headquarters' String Band. Captain Arnold gave one of his choice old songs. Staff-Capt. Stanhope read the Scripture, and the Brigadier appealed to the people.

In the evening the building was filled again. Some seats had to be taken from the platform to accommodate the people. Some earnest entreaties and songs of invitation and appeal to the sinners were given by a number of officers, but no one surrendered.

The same comrades cheerfully gave us a musical treat on Monday evening. The Ibbotson family were reinforced by their baby drummer, who is about two years old, and is a marvel in correctness of time on the big drum. The night went down the house again and again. Altogether, everybody had a most enjoyable and profitable time, and would be delighted to have a repetition of these meetings.

Drinking baffles us, confounds us, shames us, and mocks us at every point. It outwits alike the teacher, the man of business, the patriot, and the legislator.—The Times.

My Journal.

BY THE GENERAL



Friday, October 20th.

Morley, a town of twenty-one thousand people, ten miles from Leeds, comes next. This is rather a stiff week. "On, on, and still on" is the motto with which I commenced the year, is still my rule. Thank God, my cold is better. It leaves me relatively, but hard work helps to throw it off in the perspiration which follows night after night, if in nothing else.

Nevertheless, this is not good weather for colds. Among other foes with whom we have to do battle each morning this week, and most of the evenings as well, have been the fogs.

MORLEY.

Returning to Morley, I would like to remark that I first became interested in this town through the instrumentalities of a godly man whom I met in London about fifty years ago. He was a native of Morley, and had come to the great city on business adventure. I spent many an hour with him, slugging and praying, and talking over the affairs of the Kingdom of God.

Among other things by which he has been remembered is the song, the words and tune of which he taught me:

"How tasteless and tedious the hours."

I have sung that song in many a thousand hours of sadness and gladness since that day, and from my lips it has gone all round the world. The music and words will be found on the last page of the War Cry.

However, I have never been in Morley before, and although not the most favorable day of the week nor the most congenial weather, does not darkening the town and country round—we had the beautiful Town Hall, just erected at a cost of £33,000, nearly full in the afternoon, and packed out with hundreds turned away, at night. The crowd gave me the heartiest welcome. I tried to deal faithfully with them in return, and, best of all, forty-one knelt at my Master's feet.

BRADFORD.

Saturday, 21st.

Although most comfortably billeted, I must away. Here, indeed, I have no abiding city. This time it is Bradford once more.

As at Sheffield and elsewhere, wherever there have been opportunities on this campaign, I have preceded the public meeting with a private one for the Local Officers. Although the time allowed for these gatherings has been brief, they have been useful, giving me at least the chance of telling the Local Officers how highly I esteem his position and work, and how much I am relying on his co-operation in the immediate battle of the night and in the fight of the future.

The Juniper barracks was simply gorged with Locals, many squeezing themselves in for a hearing near the doors and windows. Unfortunately, the lateness of the train cut my "turn" down still further, but I was able to give expression to some of my heart's feelings, and my sympathetic hearers looked and shouted back their responses of work and loyalty.

The scene which met me on my entrance baffled description, and so I won't attempt it: I will only remark that it impressed me very deeply, and the chief thought, or feeling, or whatever it may be called, that entered my soul was: "WHAT WOULD NOT THESE FIFTEEN HUNDRED ABLE-BODIED MEN AND WOMEN ACCOMPLISH FOR JESUS CHRIST AND THE COUNTY OF YORKSHIRE, IF THEY WERE ALL DOING THEIR DUTY AS GOOD SOLDIERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY?"

I confess to being a little jealous of the danger existing in these parts, of some of my dear soldiers being led away into a kind of religion which, while making them delightfully contented with themselves and things around them, leaves them without any great anxiety concerning the claims of

the Saviour and the needs of a parishing world.

Well, on this Saturday night we began our high level of happiness, progressing on to plain dealing, and finished with a solemn enough with **SEVENTY-SIX AT THE PENITENTIARY FORM**—many of them backsliders, some of long standing.

Sunday, 22nd.

Although one of considerable conflict, this has been a blessed day. But conflict can be said to be the characteristic of all my blessed days. I always have to fight, and to fight desperately, too, for all I win, either for my Master, for myself, or for others. I know little in my experience of going on to victory on the "Promenade March principle." The triumphs I have been able to achieve—and gratitude compels me to acknowledge that they have been both many and great—have had to be fought for, and that every inch of the way.

The Battle of Bradford, fought on the day in question, was no exception to this rule.

St. George's Hall is, I fancy, the largest hall that is, I suppose, at all adapted for public speaking in the kingdom, with the exception of Albert Hall, London, and, perhaps, the St. James's Hall, Manchester. Anyway it was an impressive sight on Sunday afternoon and evening. The fog was one of the difficulties of the day. There was no keeping it out of the building, and it made speaking awkward; still, I fought my way through.

That a powerful impression was made upon the crowd is proved by 135 presenting themselves at the Mercy Seat—110 being outsiders, who promptly

ed at once to become Soldiers of the Army.

GOOD TIDINGS.

My heart has been greatly cheered by the news that the success of last week's meetings are proving their reality. Here is a letter to hand from Major Baugh, Sheffield:

"October 20th, 1890.

"My Dear General.—Just a line to say that the tide is still coming in at Sheffield. The converts are attending the meetings and testifying. Thirteen of Sudbury's cases were on the platform last night. Five more good cases came out for salvation, most of them being volunteers. An envoy from the Corps told us how they had helped in their work during your meetings at Sheffield, and that they were having glorious times at their barracks, and have had eight souls since Sunday.

"In writing out the names of the converts, and getting them into the hands of the officers, we find that eighteen corps have a share in the cases of Saturday and Sunday, and also two places where there are no corps near."

SHIPLEY.

Monday, 23rd.

We had not far to journey this time Shipley being almost a part of Bradford. The meetings, however, were held in Skipton, a little further away still. But it is all Bradford, and will be known as such, I fancy, before very long.

The hall held about 1,400 people, and was well full in the afternoon, and packed out at night.

I was very much at home with my congregation in the afternoon. At night things did not seem as buoyant, at least, my share of the work did not. Still, a grand impression was doubtless made; indeed, it was proved by the forty who sought mercy. God bless Shipley!

Tuesday, 24th.

I found London very much excited on my return by the news from Africa, and agitating enough the intelligence is. Both sides seem fiercely determined.

MISS BOOTH IN ST. JOHN.

"NOTHING LIKE IT BEFORE!"

(BY WIRE)

St John's meetings of the Field Commissioner were a sweeping success. The Mechanics' Hall was gorged. The street in front of it was blocked. We were compelled to lock doors at six o'clock. Miss Booth's address was a marvel of eloquence. The Romance of Three Worlds Rocked by Spirits was pictured as a terrific sight. Eleven souls knelt at penitent form at conclusion.

MAJOR PICKERING.

LATER.

Glorious meetings at City Hall, Fredericton, last night. Building gorged. Commissioner's address, "Miss Booth in rags," listened to with breathless attention for hours. Everybody was delighted. Congregation consisted of Judges, Members of Parliament, Clergy, Councillors, and representatives of all classes. Hallelujah!

MAJOR PICKERING.

LAST DESPATCH.

The Commissioner, on her first visit to Woodstock, was met at the station by the Mayor, Clergy, Editors of newspapers, Band and Corps. Terrific snow-storm Sunday. Magnificent crowds at meetings in spite of it. Speech of welcome tendered by Mayor; all leading citizens were present. Commissioner's addresses were listened to with rapt attention. Mighty conviction. Six souls.

MAJOR PICKERING.

ed to hold their own and conquer at all costs. The bravery displayed by both British and Boers commands admiration on all hands, but what I am anxious about is that you will be inclined to induce a speedy conclusion of this dreadful business. Will every officer, soldier and friend pray without ceasing for this result?

22,000 Acres of Land for Social Work Secured in Western Australia.

Commandant H. Booth has secured a tract of country in Western Australia, in the Collie District, which has in it great possibilities for enterprise for Social Work in the Australian Colonies, and possibly for the third section of the General's Darkest England Scheme—the Over-Sea Colony; although the size of the estate is much small to serve the purpose of such a scheme.

The estate will be over 22,000 acres in extent. It is described as being well situated, a good proportion of the area suitable for agricultural purposes, while the balance is excellent for sheep runs. There is also a river frontage of twenty-four miles. The West Australian Government will grant some essential concessions in connection with the estate, which will enable us to work it on advantageous terms.

The Commandant has recently spent seven days in inspecting the estate, and has compassed it from boundary to boundary. He has settled on the locality for the homestead and arranged its erection, and also for the fencing-in of the property. Dairy sheds, piggeries, wool sheds, and a small saw mill are to be erected at once, and a considerable sum spent in live stock.

Financial Secretary's Notes

Ensign Burrows writes that he has had good times at Owen Sound and Menford; at the former place they had three for salvation, and at Menford seven, one of these in the open air at the drum-head. He also states that the new large box is proving great success, and will help up the G. B. M. total grandly. He says his new lantern service, "Poor Mike," is taking fine.

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Ensign Ottawa has visited Rat Portage recently and reports good meetings with two souls. At Port Arthur a gentleman gave \$2 in the O. A. collection and another dollar at the inside meeting; they had one soul at the meeting seeking salvation.

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Ensign Parker says they are all right. Who? Why, Brother and Sister Stone. They have no corps at Lakefield, yet these two comrades have sent in \$5.03 for their last collection. Why cannot this be done in many other places where we have no corps? There are many soldiers throughout the country in similar circumstances.

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The same gent says while walking down the street he met two middle-aged gentlemen coming towards him. One asked him if he had a collection. The Ensign asked him if he had obtained it, and thus had a good opportunity of dealing with them about their souls. He says, "So much for the S. A. uniform."

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Ensign Andrew writes that in several places in the East there is already a quarter marked improvement in the P. M. He visited Woodstock a few days ago. Last quarter Woodstock did \$1.76, this quarter he has \$3.24; Chatham did last quarter \$2.68, he has from this place now \$11.18. These are good increases, and if the whole Province did accordingly he would lead the list again. Anyway, he is worth watching.

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We have several new Agents this week to report amongst them being Lily Quist and Lizzie Hammel of Grafton, in the N. W. P., Cassie Huskison, Orangeville, and Wm. Glover, Owen Sound, in the C. O. P., and Mrs. Hallett and Mrs. Pike, of Houlton, in the East. May they all do exploits—T. C. H.

Our South African Contingent.

ENSION MURRAY,

the officer in charge of our Expedition to South Africa, can claim the soldier's spirit as her birthright.

Her father, General Murray, of the Indian Staff Corps, rendered his country valuable service, and distinguished himself by raising a regiment in the height of the Indian Mutiny—a regiment known to this day as Murray's Jhat Horse.

His daughter, Mary, first opened her eyes in India, was brought to England as a little child, and received her education in Brussels and Brighton. Schooldays concluded with the Church of England confirmation service, which Mary took part in with a little solemnity though as a little girl of her age display for that occasion. The event, however, marked an epoch in her history, for she returned to her parents and threw herself heart and soul, into the gauntlet society-life in India affords.

Her first glimpse of the Salvation Army came through Mrs. Commissioner Booth-Tucker obtaining permission from General Murray to hold a meeting among the soldiers in India. Miss Murray was present, though not impressed, discussing the need from her heart with the conclusion that Mrs. Tucker was a very good woman. Yet, in spite of having abandoned religious ceremonies, and despising the personality of Jesus Christ, there were times when her heart yearned for a higher sphere of life, which vaguely seeking to obtain, left her to read all manner of books for and against religion.

The family returned to England and settled in Norwood, and in due course the Army held a Field Day at the Crystal Palace. Miss Murray was a season-ticket holder, and it occurred to her to spend the day there and have a look at these peculiar people. She arrived in time to see the march-past at 10 a.m., and, once away from the noise of having heard converts and other sinners declare that God had saved them.

The local open-air meetings were held nearly opposite her house, and one day a Salvationist, who, on occasions, had been employed by the Murray's, testified that God had saved him from drunkenness.

Miss Murray was then reading an unbelieving book with a desire to prove to herself a theory against the Divinity of our Saviour.

The night the book was finished she put it aside, feeling the author had utterly failed to prove his argument. Being due at a friend's house shortly afterwards, she passed the open-air. The Order was being given, "The Saviour is calling, calling for thee." Miss Murray passed on, the thought revolving in her brain, "if these people are right, and my theory wrong, what a terrible thing it will be to have refused such a call—call backed up by living witnesses of a living God Who can satisfy the heart!"

The climax came some nights after, when, after a wet open-air, the soldiers marched off, and Miss Murray was left alone. The scene of the separation was terrible; she felt she was "out of it."

In this moment of extreme need she lifted her heart with the prayer, "O God! if You are God, do for me what You have done for these people."

A moment later she was conscious that a definite power for good had come into her life.

She had indeed found Christ!

It is not surprising to hear that consternation greeted the new convert's announcement at home that she was saved, and would have to be a Salvationist and work as they worked; and only natural that family love should strive to prevent a daughter associating herself with a body of people public opinion stigmatized as vile.

One evening, while at dinner, Miss Murray felt as though His hands took hold of her arms, and a voice told her to go to the barracks and speak.

She had indeed found Christ! A woman-soldier was mystifying Miss Murray sat down relieved; the compulsion to speak had left her. As soon, however, as the long had finished, the conviction returned, and Miss Murray at once stood to her feet and told God had saved her.

Nine months afterwards she was in the Rescue Training Home as a Cadet.

For the months spent in the Training Home Miss Murray has felt very thankful. There she learnt to cook and clean, as well as to deal face to face

with the hard and wicked, and to lean upon God in the hour of difficulty, and never to say die.

Her first appointment was to the Recieving Home, where she remained eight months. Illness then compelled her to return home for one year. Her friends regarded this as an indication of God's call for her to terminate her connection with the Army.

On recovery, Capt. Murray was appointed to the Piccadilly Home, and worked there three years, the memory of which time she will ever cherish as especially blessed, in spite of the difficulties connected with it.

From Rescue Work she was transferred to the International Headquarters to assist in Editorial work, and was afterwards promoted Ensign and appointed to the Naval and Military Work, under Major Margaret Allen. While there she took charge of Aldershot Home, where a variety of work fell to her share, including cooking, scrubbing, waiting behind the bar, conducting meetings, and looking after the Leaguers.

At a later date he was sent to take charge of Wodon, in Northamptonshire. Here there were no Salvation soldiers, so Lieut. Ashman opened the

Six weeks later he started for the Old Country, and, sad to say, backslid on the voyage home.

The following year he spent on the Continent, visiting Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, and very nearly lost his life descending the Jung-Frau in Switzerland.

Meanwhile Marmaduke had no fixed purpose in life. Occasionally he thought of entering the Queen's army, and at other times of the medical profession.

Commissioner Rees was at that time holding meetings one Sunday at Marylebone.

Marmaduke was present morning, afternoon and night. God definitely called him; but it was closing-time when he ventured to the pentent form, and God graciously saved him at the eleventh hour of the day.

His application for officerhip shortly afterwards led to his being accepted as a Cadet, and, after passing through the Training Home, he was promoted Lieutenant, and appointed to Market Harbourhead, and afterwards to Stony Stratford.

At a later date he was sent to take charge of Wodon, in Northamptonshire. Here there were no Salvation soldiers, so Lieut. Ashman opened the

His call for officership came through reading the General's "Reflections" in the War Cry, telling how a gentleman had appealed to him to open up the Army in Uganda, which request could not be complied with owing to the scarcity of men.

William Warricker at once saw Ensign Jewell on the subject, and he suggested writing to the Candidates' Department. Matters made satisfactory progress, and last May Warricker became a Cadet, where, after a happy and useful course of training, he is saying good-bye, willing to go where God wants him, whether it be among the submerged in Blackfriars Sheller, or to share the honors of the South African Expedition.

MARGARET HAINES

was of the world, and loved with her whole heart the pleasures it afforded.

She was prepared to go to a ball, theatre, or dance every night in the week, and start again where she left off, with the same keen appetite for amusement.

That she was a professing Christian was as contrary to her liking as the duty it entailed of going to church occasionally.

While on a visit to Canterbury she was led to attend what proved to be an introductory visit of the Salvation Army.

Capt. Pickering was leading, and although she could not make anything out of the proceedings, she was sufficiently interested to attend every meeting, until the following Saturday night, when she went as a volunteer to the pentent form.

That night, Margaret Haines was born of God, and stood to her feet after the transaction a new woman indeed.

The news was received by her friends as a piece of tomfoolery, like to last a month or two. Her salvation, however, so altered the condition of things at home, that Margaret felt that the only course open to her was to go out into the world and earn her own living, an act, as she says, of desperate faith, which we commend to the fearful.

She was evening when she arrived at Portsea, having torn entirely cut off from her—without funds of money, save a few shillings. Geddes-glen instructed her to seek shelter for the night at the Young Women's Christian Association and the following day her wits were taxed to the utmost.

It occurred to her to make use of her education; she accordingly wrote to the schools where she had received instruction, and they forwarded the testimonials she needed.

Her next step was to procure a directory, obtain the addresses of influential people in the town, and write notes to them stating her capacity for teaching and recommendations. Having no money for stamps, she then trotted round dropping the letters into the letter-boxes of private houses.

After ten days' waiting a reply came from Admiral Rawson's family requesting her to call.

The afternoon she got her first appointment undertaking the entire education of two children, and in this family she remained eight years, till she farewell some months ago for the Training Home.

She had other engagements, preparing boys for entering Wellington and the naval schools, besides teaching advanced English and Harmony.

The call to officership came two years ago, but Margaret Haines held back on account of friends.

One day, however, when she received the news that she was wanted for South Africa, she wired her two brothers, one in the Church of England, the other in the medical profession. The former replied, "No"; the latter, "You know best," a knowledge while Sister Haines feels belongs to God, Whose hands she is.



Adjt Murray.
Capt. Ashman.

Lieut Warricker.

Lieut Haines.

Her present appointment Adjt. Murray received with a surprise, feeling that there were others better fitted than herself for the post, yet, at the same time, thanking God for such a field of opportunity.

♦ ♦ ♦

MARMADUKE HOWARD ASHMAN

is one of six children, whom his father (the Rev. J. Williams-Ashman), in conjunction with his wife, endeavored to bring up in the fear and admonition of the Lord.

Reports say that Marmaduke slept all day and screamed all night.

As a child, Marmaduke never shewed any religious tendencies. One of the earliest excitements he remembers was the family migrating to America, and then on to Canada, and, after four years, the journey back to England on account of his brother's education.

Three years this boy and a brother spent at Hurrow, Marmaduke making fair progress with his books, in spite of a preference for athletics. This course of training was followed by a strong desire for running, and Marmaduke travelled through America, Canada and British Columbia. At Winnipeg he met the Salvation Army and got saved at Penge corps.

barracks as a reading-room for the Royal Artillerymen.

A number of hours were spent daily visiting these men, getting to know their needs, and praying with them. After three months' stay he was promoted Captain and sent to take charge of Floore.

At the first presentation of war, Capt. Ashman wrote to Major Allen, of the Naval and Military, volunteering to go to South Africa; therefore, the news that he was wanted for the Cape was to him the fulfilment of a God-inspired idea.

♦ ♦ ♦

LIEUT. WARRICKER'S

earliest recollections are of going to school, being fond of reading, and occasionally playing truant.

Leaving school he started work as candle-wick with Messrs. Pickford, working his way, step by step, from van-guard to platform, then night-work, van-man, and ultimately van-oman.

Later on he was employed by Messrs. Carter, Patterson for six years, which he forsook for the fascinations of the sea. After several short voyages, he was about to embrace a life on the ocean wave, when he fell in with the Salvation Army and got saved at Penge corps.

The King of Pondoiland, a country recently annexed to Cape Colony, had until recently been one of the most resolute opposers of Christianity in South Africa. The occasion of the King's change of mind was the conversion of his chief officer, who had been great drunkard and polygamist.

On returning to his home after his conversion, the old chief destroyed a large and varied collection of brass pots, and taking off his wives, who had one apart, he made provision for them and sent them back to their homes.

Heavy Engagements Reported.

SEVEN DAYS' SYNOPSIS

OR.

The Week's News Digested for Busy People.

SALVATION seems to thrive in the northern atmosphere. Despite the winds which seem to sweep down upon Skagway just now, from the White Pass, the winds of salvation are lifting the Army's standard in the heavenly breezes. This new opening still shows promising signs.—Several Rescue Home Matrons have been doing in aid of their work. Adjutants Jost and Jordan, in the East, and Adjt. Langtry, in the West, report successful times.—Word from the Montreal French corps is welcome. Judging by the number of converts recently conducted there by Major Bégin, while a number of French Catholics attend services, the French corps is strong and growing.—Ottawa's band is now a commissioned fact. Congratulations, Adjt. Goodwin!—Several corps report a blaze of salvation. Tweed, St. Thomas, and other places seem in the midst of a revival. On the converts reported this week is a backslider of ten years' standing.—Many Correspondents give sanguine assurances for Self-Denial totals. The Field seems in fit shape for the campaign.—The total number at the penitent form for this week is 90.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

48 Corps—1 Report.

GRAND BANKS.—At the close of the week's meetings we had in our net six real good souls—two for salvation and four for the blessing. How they did dance and shout! The net is again in the same place and we are in for another good haul.—Lieut. L. St. John, for Capt. M. Janes.

KLONDIKE EXPEDITION.

2 Corps—1 Report.

SKAGWAY.—This place might be termed the Windy City of the North, being situated in a valley between great mountains which tower more than a thousand feet into the heavens and the peaks of which are covered with snow all the year round. A few miles to the north of us is the famous White Pass, where the snow is said to sweep down from this into Skagway and continue all winter. With these cold winds have come the winds of salvation. Sunday was a blessed day, especially the afternoon holiness meeting, when six souls came out for holiness and salvation, amongst them being two Juniors. God gloriously freed them, and some got shouting happy.—F. R. B., for Adjt. and Mrs. McGi I.

NORTH-WEST.

31 Corps—2 Reports.

GRAFTON.—Having grand times. Slimers are getting saved and soldier-blessed. We had with us Ensign Perry, the G. B. M. Agent, and grand times Grafton never saw. Six souls found pardon on Sunday. Then a great Hallelujah Wedding took place. We had with us Ensign F. Dean, from Grand Park, who conducted the service, but the knot was tied by the Rev. Mr. Lampard, of Grafton. The comrades who participated were Brothers Samuel Messer and Sheron C. G. Hetherington. After the ceremony everyone enjoyed a fine cup of coffee and a piece of wedding cake.—S. R. Quist.

TORTAGE LA PRAIRIE and **BRANDON**.—Lieut.-Colonel arrived at Portage la Prairie in good time accompanied by Ensign Habicht. The Mayor entertained the Lieut.-Colonel at his home during his stay in the city. At meeting-time a good number of soldiers met for march. At the barracks a nice crowd had gathered.

VICTORIA.—Good meetings all week. Bro. Johnstone, from H. M. S. Warships, gave his experience. He is a bright, lively Christian. Saturday night meeting good. Bro. Purn, from H. M. S. Fluctuation, assisted, also on Sunday afternoon. God bless the Blue Jackets. Mrs. Adjt. Alward led. Staff-Capt. Gult being at Nanaimo.—M. L.



OFFICERS AND LOCALS OF FEVERSHAM CORPS.
(With Capt. Poole, Capt. Slater and Capt. Richmond)

NANAIMO.—B. C.—Capt. and Mrs. Lacy's stay here was short, only just two months. They fought well. God bless them! Capt. Kroll is in charge at present. Staff-Capt. Gult, our D.O., favored us with a week-end.—Brother Remiro.

Gave Fifty Dollars.

VANCOUVER.—There, too, there has been steady firing kept up on the enemy's ranks. Many, we believe, have been wounded, though only one has surrendered to our God. On Friday, Sunday, and Sunday we had Adjt. Langtry, from Spokane Rescue Home, who is travelling on behalf of that work. God made her a blessing to Vancouver, and in return Vancouver people gave her over \$50 to help the Rescue Work. The meetings all day on Sunday were beautiful. Large crowds and platform well filled.—B. Norman R. C.

MISSOULA.—Lieut. Long has arrived here to help push on the work. One backslider returned since last report. Good meetings, good collections, and War Cry all sold.—J. H. Frost R. C.

EAST ONTARIO.

45 Corps—3 Reports

OTTAWA.—Some time ago Captain McNamara said good-bye and has gone to another field of labor, while Lieut. Langford has filled the vacant position here. Adjt. Hendrieke commissioned the band on Thursday evening, with Bandmaster Cooper in charge and Bandmaster John Duncan as Bond Sergeant. God bless the band. Two souls at the Cross Sunday, Nov. 5th, and ten

last Sunday evening. During the week three souls have stepped over the line. Two weeks ago one soul in the midst of the testimony meeting fell at the cross and found mercy in Jesus.—Sergt. French, R. C.

TWEED.—Since last writing Adjt. Kendall has conducted a blessed meeting. God's power and presence were manifested in a beautiful manner, and when we closed we praised God for five souls. Adjutant went away but God remained, as Saturday's meeting proved, three souls giving themselves up to serve God. Sunday's meetings were not behind those preceding in power or feeling, as God spoke loudly to quite a number of souls, and two came and fell at the feet, and gave Him glory for their salvation.—Cap. and Mrs. Bearrell.

From Our French Comrade

MONTREAL.—(French Corps).—There is nothing like the Salvation Army's band heard in every corner of the French language at Montreal on Thursday last. On that day there was a musical service conducted by Major and Mrs. Hargrave with the help of many really talented officers and the brass band of Montreal I. The hall

last Sunday evening. During the week three souls have stepped over the line. Two weeks ago one soul in the midst of the testimony meeting fell at the cross and found mercy in Jesus.—Sergt. French, R. C.

and Mrs. Creighton led the meeting God day on Sunday, winding up at night with two souls for salvation.—Treas. Caslin.

ST. STEPHEN.—Victory in Friday night's holiness meeting. One command at the penitent form for sanctification, who rose from his knees and testified to having received the blessing. United with Calais corps on All Hallow Eve. Meeting led by Capt. Laws, of St. Stephen. Good crowd. Good attention. Banquet supper at close of meeting; pronounced by good judges to be excellent. Cheers for Lieut. Cowan, officer (pro tem) in charge of Calais corps.—Soldier.

NORTH SYDNEY.—The fire is burning brightly around the District. A North Sydney, Sydney and Glace Bay souls are getting saved. Capt. Doyle, of Sydney Mines, has got settled in his new home and moved into his barracks. He will be ready shortly to begin his soul-saving work. We have our S.D. targets and they will be smashed.—Magee.

Rescue Officers' Visit.

ANNAPOLIS.—The last two weeks labor has been owned and blessed of God. One out for salvation. Adjt. Jost and Adjt. Jordan with us for a meeting. Everyone pleased to see the former, after an absence of nine years. Grand crowd. Everyone believing in an outpouring of God's Spirit on Annapolis. Sunday night's meeting beautiful. Ensign Elsbury is full of faith.—M. R. R. C.

YARMOUTH.—Adjts. Jost and Jordan of the St. John and Halifax Rescue Homes, were with us for Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Good meetings all day Sunday. At night the professors to find salvation. Monday afternoon and night meetings were held in the Y. M. C. A. rooms and the Music Hall in the interests of the Rescue work. Adjts. Jost and Jordan spoke at both meetings, explaining the work. The people responded generously to the appeal for help.—A. E. H.

WEST ONTARIO.

38 Corps—5 Reports.

MITCHELL.—God is with us. On Sunday afternoon one precious soul came to Jesus after being a backslider for eight years.

DIXON.—Good meetings all day yesterday. Many shots were fired at the devil's ranks, and we captured two prisoners at night. Many more are convicted.—A soldier.

ST. THOMAS.—Two souls on Saturday night, six souls on Sunday afternoon, and five young men at night, making about for the day and twenty-four in four weeks. One young lad on Sunday night jumped up from the platform shouting, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah here to night!" Monday night's public meeting was led by Capt. and Mrs. Cockrell. On Tuesday night soldiers turned out in full force to welcome our new P. O. Brigadier Pugnaire, to St. Thomas. Staff-Captain Phillips, Adjt. McAlmond and Capt. Smith accompanied him. We had a wonderful time.—B. G.

Everything Coming Up.

GRATHAM.—We have just returned from a visit to Wallaceburg and Dresden. Ensign Scott and Lieut. Howwood are pushing forward the war at Wallaceburg. I had two nice meetings there. The soldiers' meeting on Friday night was good. They are 1 A 1 spirits and feel confident for victory in S.D. Crowds and collections are going up, and I believe the comrades are to have a good winter of soul saving. Ensign Scott's meeting on Friday at Dresden. He has not right this time. We had six forward in the holiness meeting on Sunday morning. It was good to be there. Afternoon and night, good meetings and splendid crowds. Deep "Hallelujah" is working in the hearts this place. I enrollees on Sunday night is helping us' era coming ho' The tide is r' Coombs, D.

GALT.—week we Sooti, a' have ta'

and going in to help us in the great Salvation war. This week we said good-bye to our dear comrade, Bandmaster J. McMillian, who has gone to Toronto. We shall miss him very much, as he was a tower of strength to our corps. Over thirty comrades met together at Roll Call, and together we sat down to a farewell tea, after which J. S. S. McQueen, Band-Sergt. Schwartz, Sergt.-Major McDougal and Mrs. Ensign McLeod delivered short addresses. The bandmaster feelingly replied. The soldiers pledged themselves to do their very best for Self-Dental.—T. H. McLeod, Ensign.

CENTRAL ONTARIO.

45 Corps—7 Reports.

RIVERSIDE.—Sunday night's program: Well filled hall, 9 p.m. desparate dealers, soul-stirring prayer meeting. The Holy Spirit striving. Heads hung. Hearts smitten. Breathless silence. A simple strain sung, "Jesus paid it all." "Is there one?" A young man stands and raises hands. "Everyone sing softly, Jesus paid it all, all to Him I owe!" There he comes, with burning tears, to the Saviour. "Sin has left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow." There comes the second. "Come along, another!" Now the third. "Hallelujah! And the fourth seeks God. Hallelujah! happiness. Many turn away touch'd by God.—N. R. Trickey, Lieut.

A Kiss in the Dark

UXBRIDGE.—Sunday night's subject, "A Kiss in the Dark." The young people flocked in to hear it. The power of God took hold of them. At close of meeting two sisters came out and got saved.—M. L. R. C.

ORANGEVILLE.—On Sunday last we had an enrollment of recruits, one Senior, one Junior. Good crowds. S. D. built-eye in sight, and Captain has his eye on it. Soldiers in good trim.—C. J. J., for Capt. Wiseman.

HAMILTON IL.—Staff-Capt. Manton visited our corps Saturday and Sunday. Beautiful time. Well crowded. Finance raised. Monday night lecture, "Matrimonial Muddle," enjoyed by all, especially the young people. Believe many will profit thereby.—F. Cilkin, Capt.

SOCIAL FARM.—On Wednesday, Nov. 1st, the men left and Captain Brooks and Bro. Gooda gave their farewell testimonies. Capt. Edwards is sure the S.-D. target will be smashed to atoms.—Chas. C. Gooda.

Staff-Capt. Harris, of Boston.

TEMPLE.—Sunday morning Staff-Captain gave a magnificent holiness address. Africoum, Ibbotson Family, always welcome, came along. Their music was quite an attraction, and the people crowded in, eager to see and hear them play. At night we had three brigades working in the open-air. Very large march. Inside, the Jubilee Hall was packed. Every bit of room was filled right up. Staff-Capt. Wm. Harris, who was passing through the city on his way from Boston to St. Louis, Mo., called in and gave us a straight salvation address. The Staff-Capt. is an old-time Salvationist of several years standing. The Ibbotson Family went up again at night. Bro. Kippax, who is a new arrival at our corps, and also an excellent violinist, and who, before his conversion, played at the Colosseum Theatre in London, Eng., played some enjoyable pieces. A red-hot prayer meeting was held in which four souls sought salvation, making a total of seven for the day—five for salvation and two for holiness. Things are booming now for S.-D.—W. Peacock, R. C.

LINDSAY.—Sunday the ball was packed and the finances were good. Adj't. and Mrs. Wiggins said good-bye after a term of faithful service for God and souls. Since the Adjutant and his wife came to our midst they have done work which will stand the test of eternity.—Mrs. Killingsheek, J.S. Treas.

The brewers take the bread of the people and convert it into poison. The diseases arising from drinking spirituous or fermented liquors are liable to become hereditary, even to the third generation, increasing, if the cause be continued, till the family becomes extinct.—Charles Darwin.



North-West Province.

Corps comprising the first list: Moose Jaw (Female Agent) ... \$15.00 Lethbridge (Female Agent) ... 12.10 Calgary (Male and Female Agent) ... 10.23

\$37.33

—♦—

Corps ranked in second list:

Fargo (Male Agent) ... \$6.00 Neepawa (Female Agent) ... 5.67 Valley City (Female Agent) ... 5.31 Midway (Female Agent) ... 5.20 Prince Albert (Male Agent) ... 5.00 Grand Forks (Female Agent) ... 5.00

\$32.18

—♦—

Those who came in third:

Grafton and vicinity (Female Agent) ... \$4.66 Morden (Female Agent) ... 4.45 Edmonton (Female Agent) ... 4.19 Mooseomin (Female Agent) ... 4.15 Minnedosa (Female Agent) ... 2.50 Regina (Male Agent) ... 3.27 Brandon (Female Agent) ... 3.10

\$27.62

—♦—

Those bringing up the rear comprise: Emerson (Female Agent) ... \$1.83 Virden (Male Agent) ... 1.75 Okies (Female Agent) ... 1.53 Hannah (Female Agent) ... 1.06

\$6.17

—♦—

La Moute, Lillooet, Ridgeville, Byron and Devil's Lake did respectively 90c, 65c, 54c, and 15c. I will not disclose to the world the sex of those who did under \$1, but we will hope for better returns next time, while very thankful for the small favors.

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Leaving out Calgary, which was done by a Male and Female, the Female Agents (17) did \$32.00, or an average of \$3.12; the Male Agents did \$43.27, or an average of \$3.13, so we see the men average nearly double the women.

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The question that arises to the P. A. is, if things had been turned around, there being 17 Male and 7 Female Agents, what would the income have been? Then there are the towns, of course, to consider. However, the men have more in proportion this time. The P. A. is pleased the Province did as well as it did. There were no returns from large boxes, as they arrived too late. However, they will come in this quarter, and then "we shall see what we shall see!"—Ensign Perry.

Our Paris Shelter.

A few facts and figures re our Paris Shelter, which is situated only a few miles from the now famous "Fort de la Pompelle," and which celebrated its first birthday on Friday, September 1st, will doubtless interest War Cry readers.

On September 1st of last year, this Shelter, which is called

"The Hotellerie Populaire"

(Popular Hostelry), opened wide its doors for the first time to the city's outcasts, only twelve of whom responded to the invitation and slept under our roof that first night. However, things soon changed, for the following night saw treble (thirty-six) that number at the Shelter, and ere the first fortnight was out the attendance had run up to ninety-eight, and by September 30th, the register was slightly retouched to 160.

In January, our present most popular inn of our Wayside Inn, that the number of beds, which up to then had numbered 225, had to be increased to 240, thus raising our Shelter to the second rank among kindred institutions in the city.

For anybody who knows anything of the difficulties that the Army, or any other religious institution, has to contend with in France, the following

figures will have special significance. Number of persons sleeping at the Shelter during the month of—

September, 1898, was	2,776
October	2,613
November	6,732
December	6,937
January, 1899	9,065
February	6,320
March	7,238
April	6,063
May	6,607
June	5,894
July	4,678
August	3,730

Totalling up we find that during the first twelve months the Hotellerie Populaire was opened, no fewer than 12,178 beds had been booked in advance by those anxious to secure a comfortable night's rest at a minimum cost of twopence and a maximum of sixpence, and that the annual attendance of the Shelter had been no less than 93,462 persons. Going yet a little further into detail, we find that 33 beds were slightly bespoiled and settled for in advance, and that 189 was the number of inmates sleeping nightly, throughout the year, at our Paris Nigh't Shelter.

As to our guests, they may thus be classified: Parisians, 5,276; Provincials, 7,853; Alsachians and Lorrainers, 401; and 645 foreigners, thus made up: Americans 31, Australians 25, Belgians 151, Dutch 11, Danes 4, English 27, Germans 80, Greeks 3, Italians 88, Russians 23, South Americans 10, Spaniards 6, Swiss 169, Turks 15.

Isled both Greek and Persian offenders. He concluded by a reunion of both nations, and at the celebration married eighty Greek bridgegoers to eighty Persian girls. Alexander himself was the daughter of Darus.

He then set himself to the strengthening of Babylon's fortifications, preparing it to be the capital of his vast empire.

While going about in a boat to give orders to drain the swampy ground around Babylon, he caught a fever. The Greeks, who hated him, said he drank too much wine. This appears unlikely. He sank gradually, and finally died in 323 B.C. at the age of only thirty-three years.



Lieutenant Gray,
Promoted to Glory from Springhill, N.S.,
Oct. 15th, 1899.

History Class

L—THE ANCIENT GREEKS

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER.

Alexander had an unquenchable desire, after the conquest of Babylon, to explore the far East. With his army he entered India, and passed through the historic Khyber Pass to the banks of the Indus, where he fought a great battle with King Porus, a brave enemy who was fully conquered, but made prisoner. Alexander and Porus became fast friends. In all 35 cities of the Indus were conquered by Alexander, and two new were founded. He was anxious to press on and see all the wonders of India, but his troops were wearied of marching and he was forced to retreat. He chose a different route for his return, by building ships in which he intended to coast along the shores to the mouth of the Euphrates.

A dangerous enemy was encountered at Mooltan, a fort protected by a strong outer wall, but while his men were following him along the ladder broke and left him alone in the target of the enemy's darts. His guards begged him to jump back to them, but he scorned such an action and leapt into the fort among the enemy, which gave way for a moment. Alexander put his back against the wall and defended himself for some time with his sword, but was finally shot at with long arrows, one of which pierced his breast. Some of his guards had come to his aid by this time and held their shields over him until their comrades had conquered the fort. Alexander was carried as one dead. In the tent, however, his spirits rallied. The arrow was still fastened in his breast and a brave friend cut a gash wide enough to allow the barbed end to be extracted. It took weeks to restore him to health. In the meantime the ships were proceeding with him and his army along the Indus until they reached the Indian Ocean, a welcome sight to the Greeks. Before sailing he marched inland to collect provisions and water for the journey, and in this attempt his soldiers suffered fearfully in the dry and deserts country. Alexander bravely shared their privations, and when once a soldier was lost in his helmet a little later, under great difficulty, for the King, the latter thanked his warrior but poured the water on the ground, refusing to take it, as it was the blood of his troops had none. Finally, after losing their way, he reached a city in Persia. The governors he had left there had expected him to perish in India and had shamefully robbed the people. Alexander, without distinction, pun-

Our dear comrade, Bro. Teddy Howcroft, has gone to be with Jesus. Sunday week, though feeling poorly, attended the meeting and gave his testimony with the rest of the comrades. We little thought that it would be the last that we should listen to, but so it was, for he was taken very sick on Tuesday. He died a triumphant death and left a beautiful memory behind him. Almost his last words were, when asked by the writer, "Is Jesus precious now?" he said, "Yes, so precious, so precious." The funeral service was conducted by Captain Wilson, assisted by the writer. The memorial service was very impressive. We believe God spoke to many hearers.—Alice Unariton, Capt.



Brother Mullien,
Late Secretary of Oshawa, Promoted
to Glory, Oct. 18th, 1899.

There is no vaunting with death when it comes.

It is the mark of a man not to run from his promise.

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

The Famine in Central India is Reaching an Appallingly Shocking State.

THE ARMY HAS OPENED TWENTY-FIVE CHEAP GRAIN DEPOTS.

To Commissioner Howard, Foreign Office, from Lieut-Colonel Nurani, Gujarat, India:

My Dear Commissioner.—You will know that now all hope of rain is over; and that a dreadful famine prevails in the Central Territory—Rajputana, Gujarat, and Panch Mahals. There has been no famine in these parts since the year 1877, and it is stated in the news papers that those who remained that famine said that this one was much worse. There were no less than ten thousand persons seeking work at one tank at Ahmedabad the other day; four thousand of these were refused because they belonged to native States; two thousand were returned, and the others would have been, but they shrank away.

Everything costs twice the ordinary rate, and, though the Government is doing what it can in opening up Relief Works in different centres, the rate of wages is very low—viz. 2½ annas per day for men, 1 anna for women, and 8 pence for children. The wheat prices are so high, will purchase but little.

In Rajputana the chiefest need is free distribution: the scarcity has been there for three years, and hundreds of people lie on the sides of the road too weak to work.

We have in this Territory many thousands of soldiers and adherents enrolled upon our books, and a multitude of little school-children to care for, besides the thousands of others, in the villages where we work, who look to the Salvation Army before all others, as their helpers and religious teachers. To care properly for them, we have to bring in all the adherents we can, and immediately. We have already opened twenty Grain Shops with free distribution, but this is only like a drop in the bucket compared to the need—it is like pinching at helping, so tiny is the supply for the great crowds which come. I have received the most distressing letters from every officer in charge of a Grain Shop begging that their capital be immediately at least doubled, as the crowds which are encamping far and wide, far off, of five times as large as those they can supply. Not only ought these Grain Shops to be increased, but we ought to open up at least ten more, as the distances between the Grain Shops are great.

Our soldiers are mostly weavers; but, owing to the high price of grain and general poverty, they can at present find no sale for their cloth. They, therefore, have to sit idle in their houses: how, then, can they get place even for cheap grain?

The little children need help most of all. When we gathered our Jamadars (Local Officers) together at Asordia for a meeting, giving them a load of words, we saw they had not collected anything for two days. Poor people! You can think how the children suffer, and over and over again the parents have come to me entreating the Salvation Army to take their children. They want to shield their children, even if they suffer themselves.

Cap. Hooker, who is collecting at Almora, visited the District Magistrate there. He is responsible for employing or feeding 2,400 persons, and fears that very soon he will have many homeless children on his hands. He wants to know if the Salvation Army will be prepared to take a number of them if he has them, and is waiting for a reply. Surely the Salvation Army cannot refuse to answer this great need!

To Commissioner Howard, Foreign Office, from Anbal, Staff-Capt.: Those of us living in the Central

Territory know what it is to have a constantly aching heart, and to feel an almost hopeless helplessness in the midst of this terrible visitation of famine. Thousands of the very old and very young have died, while those who were strong are daily becoming weak. The poor agriculturists have lost their cattle through the drought, removing the possibility of ploughing in the future.

It is a terrible thing to know that out of every ten people one meets going from village, nine of them are really

FROM WEST ONTARIO.

The "Comrade," West Ontario Province, sends glorious tidings of soul-saving. St. Thomas had a big haul on Sunday; Woodstock reports three; Dresden and other smaller corps, report a grand week-end. A big enrolment at Dresden; quite a number waiting to follow suit in the Palmers-ton District. The Brigadier has had a wonderful reception at every place visited; souls have come forward at not a few corps during his trip. Look out! He's coming your way. The Brigadier has promoted Lieut. Hockin, who remains in charge of Norwich, as Adj'tant Lieut. Col. of the Corps. Mr. Gamble returns to the fight at Walk-lerchburg, after a brief rest in the East. We regret to announce the break-down of Lieut. Knucke. The doctor has ordered a complete rest for two months at least. The Lieutenant is a faithful, devoted girl, and we ask our comrades to bear her up before the throne. We shall with pleasure Mrs. Major Cooper's return to the front again.

And finally, brethren, don't forget the Sick and Wounded Fund. We are in great need. The Fund is overdrawn. Let us have a good re-sponse.

put the same spirit into all with whom we came in contact.

We needed a deal of patience and faith, because it was not until we had been working for about twelve months that we saw any sign of improvement or advance. Still we labored on; God began to pour out His Spirit, souls in great numbers cried for mercy, now totally closed, opened; soldiers were made; the Army grew and grew at us with different eyes, and the Army has continued to grow, so that at the present moment we have a hundred corps in full working order, a Junior work of ninety corps, which is creditable indeed, considering it has only really been in operation about two and a-half years.

Slum Work

In addition to this we have eight slum posts, with sixteen corps continually going about day and night ministering to the destitute and starving, to care for and give them all the attention possible. Our slum work differs from the English in this, that we do not have public meetings in connection with it. Any souls who get saved are linked on to the nearest corps. We have also two Rescue Houses, one in Berlin, accom-modating twenty-five girls, which is unusually full. Sixty-five per cent. of the cases are going and give evidence of conversion. The ages of the girls who have gone through this holi-cary vary from thirteen to thirty. The other House, in Hamburg, was opened only a few months ago, also with accom-modation for twenty-five. The re-suits of our work here we cannot yet speak of, but the prospects are bright.

We have also a Maternity Home with ten beds, and a Children's Home, accom-modating twenty-five children. One comfort is that all the places are on the way to self-support. I might also say that at each place we have doctors who, out of love and esteem for the Army, give all their services free.

In Strasburg we began our work two years ago. God has done wonders, and souls have been saved by hundreds. There are now thirty corps in the city, and crowds gather nightly in each of our halls. The latest opening is under the command of Ensign Dietrich, an officer of nine years' standing. Saved at the age of fifteen years, at the Army's enlistment form, she was not allowed to see her friends for eight years because she was a Salvationist.

Case in Point.

Let me just narrate a recent conver-sion of one who is now a Cadet in our Training Home: A lady from a good family came in touch with the Army, and saw there that the formal religion which she possessed was useless. She therefore, went to the pentit form, got converted, and became a soldier. As a recruit she was treated by her family, and treated in a most brutal manner by her sister, being beaten and shut up in a room without anything to eat. When this failed to turn her from her purpose, they said she was mad, and got a doctor to confirm this thus trying to prove that she was incapable of managing the property and money which she possessed. The whole affair came before the courts, and her family tried to show she had lost her reason because she had signed our Articles of War. These were offered by the Judge, and read out in court. The Judge decided that only a person in their right senses could or would sign these Articles, and the case was decided in favor of our sister. She then separated entirely from her family, because a Candidate, and is now a Cadet, with the prospect of be-coming a very successful officer.

Another of the Catholic towns that we have entered during the last two years is Cologne, and to-day we have a large and successful work going on. Three halls are nightly open, converts are being made, and the future of work in the city appears very good indeed.

The prospects ahead of us are simply marvellous! We have undertaken to open six new stations in connection with the Twentieth Century Scheme, and before this year is out we expect to have fixed upon our first Metropole for fifty women. This article is only intended to give our readers a bird's-eye view of what has been done, and what still yet to be done by the Army in Germany. We give all the glory to our God, and march on to greater and more glorious victories.



Some Famine-Stricken Indians.

GERMANY'S ONWARD MARCH.

By COMMISSIONER MCKIE.

Germany is a mighty nation of fifty-two million souls, a nation that is daily increasing in numbers, influence and power, and a nation that presents to a Salvationist a field of greater usefulness, we think, than any other. That which has been already accomplished speaks loudly of the mighty possibilities of the future.

Let me since an onward march of the Army in Germany during the last four years. Just that time has passed away since I was com-missioneer to take charge of our work in this country. We had then less than twenty corps, about fifty officers, and a very uphill fight indeed. We were not at all understood by the authorities, and a general feeling existed that the whole Salvation Army was all very well for England and other lands, for Germany it was entirely unsuitable. But we know that when God made the Army He made it for the world, and, therefore, for the German, and, consequently, it must suit him; and on this line we worked, and sought to

starving. With no work, no money, and no food, they must soon die.

We are doing all we can, but it is usefully insufficient. We must have money to feed the people. England must help us! It is pathetic to see our big, strong Jambars (Local Officers) of the village corps sit in the meetings, to hear their songs and testimonies, see their smiles of welcome, and hear their officers whisper afterwards: "These men have had no food for two days!" Yet they never complain; never beg. And we can do so little for them, help so poor ourselves. God help us all!

If you ever lived here and saw them, and heard their cries, you would feel that the children alone were worth any amount of trouble and self-sacrifice. Sometimes we long to get away and hide ourselves, but that would be cowardly; so we go on doing our best, and praying God to touch the hearts of those who have the wherewithal to help India's precious people.

Do not think we have exaggerated or over-colored. The distress will grow worse and worse, until the next rain comes—ten months hence—and the harvest is reaped. God bless you! Do help us, for Jesus' sake and India's sake!

To Commissioner Howard, Foreign Office, from Anbal, Staff-Capt.: Those of us living in the Central

Even if we sit crooked let us speak straight.

Mrs. Ensign Miller, Listowel	3	Mrs. Bliss, Ottawa	20
P. S. M. Denning, Hespeler	20	Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal IV	20
Sister M. Tremain, Listowel	20	Ensign Jones, Pictou	20
Adjt. McAmmond, London	20	Adjt. Carey, Brantford	20
Father Cutting, Essex	20	Lizette, Bear, Quebec	20
Sister O. Donnel, Galt	20	Mrs. Green, Peterboro	20
Ensign McLeod, Galt	20	Mrs. Wright, Peterboro	20
Chris. Jacklin, London	20	Mrs. Harrison, Peterboro	20
Mrs. Broadwell, Kingsville	20	Ensign Yerex, Montreal III	20
Sister Groom, Blenheim	20		
Mrs. Knapp, Ingersoll	20		
Marshall Beau, Wallaceburg	20		
Lieut. Winters, Palmerston	20		
Sec. Mrs. Harris, London	20		
Maud Durrant, Galt	20		
Obie Broadwell, Ingersoll	20		
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	20		
Sister Culck, Stratford	20		
Adjt. Blackburn, Windsor	20		
May Christler, London	20		
Wesley Graham, London	20		
Capt. Huntingdon, Leamington	20		
Stanley Rumble, Blenheim	20		
Aggle Hills, Blenheim	20		
Mrs. Livins, Ingersoll	20		
Ensign McKenzie, Clinton	20		
Capt. McDonald, Bothwell	20		
Lieut. Grand, Bothwell	20		
Mrs. Steele, Peterboro	20		
Mrs. Clark, Kincardine, Petrolia	20		
Sister Close, Brantford	20		
Adjt. McHarg, Brantford	20		
Bro. Manyard, Paris	20		
Cadet Crawford, Paris	20		
Bro. Christon, Dresden	20		
Ensign Green, Stratford	20		
Capt. Green, Stratford	20		
Capt. Fell, St. Thomas	20		
Sister Burns, Dresden	20		
Lieut. Edwards, Norwich	20		
Ensign Crawford, Woodstock	20		
Capt. Sitzer, Woodstock	20		

Brigadier Sharp in the Art of "Boosting"
his Unwilling Steed.



"Get up, ye balky creature! Why
can't ye behave yourself as well as
them other horses across the Straits?"

West Ontario S.-D.

CHALLENGES.

Class I.—London Juniors throw down
the gauntlet to any Junior Corps in
the Province. What about Ingersoll
Capt. Burton? We are waiting. It
is your move.

Class II.—Brantford challenges Strat-

ford. Class VIII.—Here's another sky-
cracker! Bothwell (Capt. McD.) is
after the devil with both feet, and is in
to beat the countryside.

Class IX.—Capt. Copeman (Watford)
throws down the glove to Forest (Capt.
Bonny) who immediately accepts the
challenge. Capt. Bouay writes us as
follows: "With pleasure I accept Capt.
Copeman's challenge. He's not in it.
It will be interesting to watch this
contest. Copeman has good staying
powers, and will give a good account
of himself. Capt. Pynn (Drytown) is
also after Watford, and desires to try
conclusively with the worthy Copeman.
We are watching Bayfield's move."

Class X.—Listen! This is the way
to talk. Captain Jarvis (Thedford)
writes thus: "I challenge anything in
my class (X)." How's that for plain
Anglo-Saxon? We rather think the
Captain knows what he is about, too.
The Captains would like to hear from Capt.
Jouldinson (Mitchell). Now, Jouldinson,
will you take up the challenge?

The Empire's Safety.

We belong to the greatest Empire
that this world has ever seen, and not
only is this the vastest Empire, but it
is also the most opulent. Ours is an
Empire teeming with wealth, genius,
and splendid possibilities. With this



Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp arrived in
the city on Thursday, Oct. 19th, in
excellent spirits, having enjoyed the
councils held in Toronto. Arrange-
ments had been made for a Staff Coun-
cil for the following Thursday. Many
things were discussed for the benefit
of the Island. On Friday night a
meeting was held in the Citadel, led
by the Brigadier and Staff.

A good crowd was in attendance.
After the second song, the Brigadier
read from Peter, and gave out some
splendid ideas. Following this the
D. O.'s gave an account of the work in
their Districts.

Ension Brown, of Greenspond, men-
tioned the increases that had been
made in his District in Juniors and
Band of Love members (a good figure);
also said there were great chances of
new things. Then he wrote himself
and one man walked over twenty mⁱⁿ
to see him, with respect to ~~see~~
an officer to open up their pl-
hold meetings.

Ension Snow spoke of
that had been achieve-
vista District, and
peets, stating the
very fa-
no!

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

80 Hustlers.

LIEUT. LANGFORD, Ottawa	145
CADET HICKS, St. Albans	117
ENSIGN STAIGER, Gauanauco	107
SERGT. DUDLEY, Ottawa	100
SERGT.-MAJOR PERKINS, Barre 100	
Lieut. Ash, Morrisburg	97
Capt. Huxtable, Quebec	90
Mrs. Bart, Brantford	90
Lieut. Bowles, Newboro	90
Sgt. Rogers, Montreal I.	89
Capt. Woods, Deseronto	88
Capt. Brindley, Sherbrooke	85
Mark Spencely, Peterboro	81
Adjt. Ogilvie, Cornwall	80
Capt. Wilson, St. Johnsburg	82
Adjt. Kendall, Belleville	77
Capt. Bloss, Prescott	75
Sister Smardon, Montreal I.	75
Capt. Burtch, Brockville	75
Lieut. Yandaw, Brockville	69
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	66
Lieut. Pitcher, Ayrton	67
Capt. Brundage, Brantford	65
Lieut. Brooks, Brantford	65
Capt. Stainforth, Cornwall	63
Bro. Moers, Montreal I.	61
Bro. Wilbur, Barre	61
Lieut. Almark, Belleville	51
Lieut. Carter, St. Johnsburg	51
Lieut. Cook, Canticook	51
Capt. Titus, Pembroke	51
Lieut. Hickman, Napanee	51
Ension Ward, Kingston	51
Capt. French, Kingston	51
Capt. Downey, Montreal II.	51
Capt. Jones, Montreal II.	51
Sergt. Richard, Montreal IV.	51
Capt. Green, Trenton	51
Capt. Gammon, Cobourg	51
Lieut. Lane, Cobourg	51
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Port Hope	51
Mary Baker, Napanee	4
Staff-Capt. Burditt, Peterboro	4
Capt. Randal, Renfrew	4
Bro. Shaver, Montreal I.	4
Sister Brown, Montreal I.	4
Capt. Magee, Campbellford	4
Lieut. Liddell, Campbellford	4
Bro. Labron, Perth	4
Lieut. McEwan, Kemptville	4
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Pictou	4
Hannah Smith, Peterboro	4
Bro. Ladd, Listowel	4
Capt. Sister, Renfrew	4
Capt. Mumford, St. Albans	4
Sister Robertson, Barre	4
Capt. Cvet., Kemptville	4
Lieut. Norman, Millbrook	4
Lieut. Newell, Peterboro	4
Capt. Green, Pictou	4
Mrs. Hippner, Montreal II.	4
Mrs. Capt. Benchell, Tweed	4
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	4
Maud Edmonds, Odessa	4
Dad Duquett, Trenton	4
Steve Stanzel, Charlton Place	4
Sergt. Dowling, Kingston	4
Sergt. Condie, Kingston	4
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	4
Capt. Bearchell, Tweed	4
Capt. Mitchell, Simsbury	4
Capt. Crago, Odessa	4
Ension Sims, Barre	4
Sister Nicholson, Montreal I.	4
Capt. Vance, Bloomsfield	4
Sister Simpson, Brockville	4
Annie McCorkel, Ottawa	4



Tunes.—From every stain made clean ;
or, For ever with the Lord (B.J. 81).

1 My life, my time, my all,
Lord, at Thy feet I lay ;
From henceforth I will ever be
The summons to obey.
Where'er Thou dost lead,
I'll bravely follow on ;
I'll do whate'er Thou biddest me do—
Thy will in me be done.

My talents, too, I give—
They are not much, I know ;
But use them, Lord, for Thine own
ends.
Through me Thy power show.
With Blood-and-Fire,
Thine make of me ;
A burning love for souls—
of Calvary.

—, accept
mine ;
—, heard by Thee,

Though to beat us they've been trying,
Our colors still are flying,
And our flag shall wave for ever,
For we never will give in !

Chorus.

No, we never, never, never will give in,
No we won't !
No, we never, never, never will give in,
For we mean to have the victory for
ever !

We will follow our conqu'ring Saviour
From before His hell's legions shall
fly.
Our battalions shall never waver—
They're determined to conquer or
die.
From faith, holiness, and heaven,
We never will be driven,
We will stand our ground for ever,
For we never will give in !

With salvation to every nation,
To the ends of the earth we will go,
With a free and a full salvation,
All the power of the Cross we'll
show.
We'll tear hell's throne to pieces,
And win the world for Jesus ;
We'll be conquerors for ever,
For we never will give in !

Heaven or Hell ?

Tunes.—I a soldier sure shall be (B.B. 64); Wells (B.J. 51, 3); Christ receleth sinful men.

5 Come, ye trifling sinners, come,
While your time is in your hand ;
Death will come without delay ;
You the summons must obey.

Oborus.

Then you'll weep and wish to be
Happy in eternity !

Oh, ye young, ye gay, ye proud,
You must die and wear a shroud ;
Time will rob you of your bloom,
Death will drag you to the tomb.

Will you go to heaven or hell ?
One you must, and there to dwell ;
Christ will come, and quickly too ;
I must meet Him, so must you.

Oh, ye children of the light !
Always keep your armor bright ;
Then with all the sanctified,
Christ will claim you as His bride.

Chorus.

Then you'll ever with Him be.
Happy in eternity !

Claim Pardon Now.

Tune.—I know that my Redeemer
lives ; or, Come, brethren dear
(B. 9).

Poor sinner, harken to the cri,
Salvation's free for one and all ;
The wisest need not doubt.
The Fountain ope'd on Calvary's tree,
Doth richly flow for you and me,
Oh, plunge beneath its tide !

Twas Jesus ope'd that Fountain wide,
When, bleeding on the cross, He cried ;
"Salvation's work is done !"
He triumphed over death for thee,
And lives from guilt to set thee free,
Oh, come to Him just now !

He waits your soul to save and bless,
To robe you in His righteousness,
And make you fully His.
Then come just now, while He doth
wait,
And open wide stande Mercy's gate,
Come, claim your pardon free.

"Live or die just as He pleases,
Where He is I mean to be ;
If death could not frighten Jesus,
Then why should death frighten me ?
Over Jordan without shrinking,
Seeing Jesus, not the form ;
In His arms so everlasting,
He will bear me safely home."



BRIGADIER GASKIN

Will conduct Special Meetings in Toronto as follows :

Temple, Friday, Nov. 24, and Dec. 1.
Holiness Conventions.

Yorkville, Sun. and Mon., Dec. 3, 4.
Lisgar, Wednesday, Dec. 6. Hallelujah Wedding.

Temple, Friday, Dec. 8. Holiness Convention.

Richmond St., Sunday, Dec. 10.

Temple, Friday, Dec. 15. Holiness Convention.

Lisgar, Sunday, Dec. 31. Battle for souls.

BRIGADIER MRS. READ,

Woman's Social Secretary,
will visit

Spokane, Wash., Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sun. and Mon., Nov. 23, 24, 25, 26, 27. Rescue Home Anniversary.

Victoria, B. C., Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 29, 30. Opening new Rescue Home.

Vancouver, B. C., Sat. and Sun., Dec. 2, 3.

Calgary, Man., Thursday, Dec. 7.

Winnipeg, Man., Sat., Sun., Mon. and Tues., Dec. 9, 10, 11, 12. Anniversary Rescue Home.

Regina, La Prairie, Man., Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 13, 14.

Portage, Oat., Sat. and Sun., Dec. 15, 16.

Arthur, Ont., Tuesday, Dec. 16.

Brigadier Howell will accompany Mrs. Read at these places.